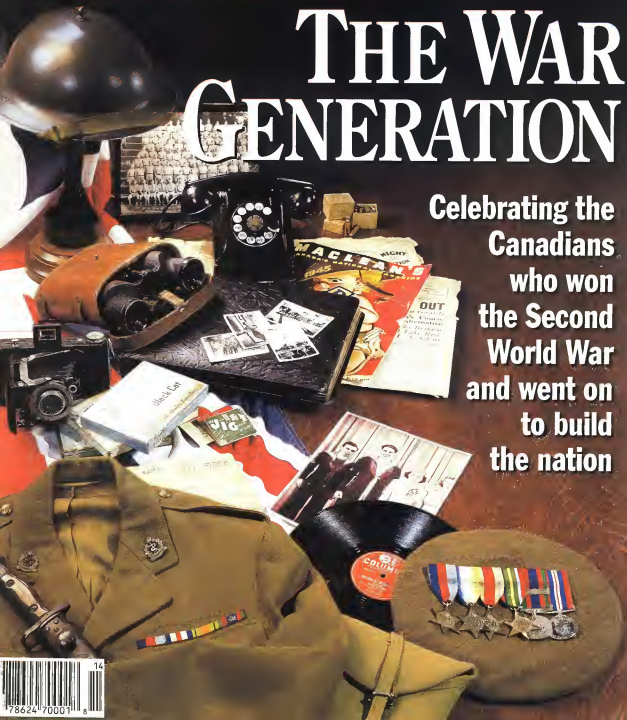


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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
APRIL 2, 1995 VOL. 108 NO. 14

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The war generation

44 Even after 50 years—and never more than in this year of remembrance—the generation that won the Second World War still matters first, by that assessment event. Forty-two thousand Canadians died, and the country was transformed. Afterward, proud and confident, Canadians rushed out to buy houses, raise families and build a prosperous nation.



Laumann's lament

60 Canada's No. 1 skater took the wrong cold medication—and her team's gold medal was revoked after she failed a drug test. But the skating of Silken Laumann, however sad, was less a scandal than a comedy of errors.

Medicare wars

14 Federal Health Minister Diane Marleau has been reassuring Canadians that impending cuts in Ottawa's transfer payments to the provinces will not endanger the country's cherished Medicare system. But independent analysts are openly skeptical that deep cuts can be made without seriously affecting the kind of health care that Canadians have come to expect.



LETTERS

'Citizen's arrest'

As the world knows that Spanish fishermen are unable to distinguish between lawbreaking and looting the sea. As a Canadian, I am proud of our stand against the piscine perpetrators of the European Community, and Spain in particular ("Garboid Diplomacy," Canada March 26). Canada has performed a citizen's arrest on behalf of the international community, and Europe, rather than crying, ought to be offering congratulations.

Michael J. Blagov
Monashville, South Africa

It is not a question of whether or not Spain is fishing in international waters, or who owns what. It is a question of what constitutes a crime in destroying an important link in the food chain, perhaps forever. Having flung down the gauntlet let us not be content with making concessions due to intimidation by the European Union.

Wally W. Leander
Sanbury, Ont.

The drastic action taken by Fisheries Minister Brian Tolan was absolutely necessary. It should have been done years ago. There is only one answer to the devastation of fish stock: Canada must control all fishing on the Grand Banks, not quotas and checks for takes of both Canadian and foreign ships.

Ron Davies
Oriskany, Ont.

Rights and racism

In his so-called "In defence of affirmative action" (An American View, March 28), Fred Browning explained several logical directions in order to avert the fundamental racism. Now, as principle, does the racist underlining affirmative action solve the problem of racism? How does the Marxist viewpoint of individual rights achieve social justice?

Glen Weinman
Calgary, AB

History at stake

Reading Allan Fotheringham's column "What's any Canada's in?" (March 26), I was appalled by his reference to high-school teachers as milking Canada's history "milk". As a teacher in Canada's largest high school,



Captured Spanish trawler Estria: proud of our stand against 'pirate' gongoloses!

I ask him how long has it been since he has been in a social studies classroom? He might be amazed at the expertise of Canadian teachers and the manners of students who are the stakeholders of Canada's future.

Dawn Flynn
Fredericton High School,
Fredericton

Financial tyrants

Three cheers for your editorial "Who elected them?" (March 20). You have put your finger on the critical problem of our time—the selling of democracy and the privatization of government by the international financial community, which has taken on the role of master of the world.

Philip R. Williams
Victoria

Postage due

What interested me most in the article "Assessing the damage" (The Arts, March 28) were the references made to the "staggering blow" postal subsidy cuts would have on Canadian periodical publishers. All non-paid circulation periodicals lost their portion of the \$220-million postal subsidy years ago, and we still manage to survive. The notion that paid circulation magazines would be doomed if the subsidies were to disappear is therefore absurd. That taxpayers should foot the bill at the expense of future generations is something this subscriber of numerous computer trade magazines has serious problems with.

Peter Plouffe,
President, Pleasure Publications Ltd.,
Wilkesville, Ont.

Official decor

Your article "Redeeming history" (Canada, March 18) implies that Gerda Hostovsky, wife of former governor general Ramon Hostovsky, made the decision in the restoration and reconstruction of Boleyn Hall. This is not so. Changes to the crest of Boleyn Hall, as an official residence, are suggested and approved by a number of official bodies. This is a safeguard against unnecessary changes and expenditures, and protects the architectural integrity of the residence. The result is a beautiful residence, well served by changes over the past few years.

Murray Shorofsky,
Chairman, National Capital Commission,
Ottawa

False god

Dewey McDermid has described the new theology of the times quite accurately ("Shoot the Kermessians," The Bottom Line, March 26). God is alive and god is the market. But what kind of god is this? It is a false, dead, dumb and dishonest god for markets. It works only when it is dead for pay, lives only if they have been cut down, all only when it is puffed out of the ground. It carries nothing for individual well-being or for the equitable distribution of wealth. It is more sensitive to the needs of capitalist investors than it is to the needs of the small Canadian entrepreneur who wants to start a thing. In short, it is a singularly incompetent god and should be let go of.

Ken Gray,
Oakville, Ont.

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just once...
wouldn't you love to fly over
to Paris and just pick up
some little thing
for the party
just once...
wouldn't it be wonderful
to have lunch at Joe's cafe
in London and be back in time
for the marketing meeting
just once...
wouldn't it be great to
wear the very best
most expensive
fabulous clothes
and not even think about it
just once...
wouldn't you love to
just walk in and demand
the new business strategy project
and get it
just once...
wouldn't you love to spit
yourself right there next to Brad Pitt
in *There's* There's

*beauty:
bravura,
fashion.*

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all there.



COLUMN



Pro-choice gals-for-guns make sense

BY BARBARA AMIEL

Last week as television newscasts, groups of American females were seen lobbying state capitals and Washington. The women wanted the right to carry "concealed weapons," namely handguns. I couldn't tell whether the women were associated with any special-interest group, but they cited the secondary and tertiary of the incidents. They want "gun-control" and the right to "control" the safety of their own bodies. Pro-choice pro-gun, I suppose.

Florida eased up on its concealed weapons law a few years ago. Forty other states are considering similar measures. The crime rate in Florida has not dropped since people could pack a gun in their glove compartment, but then neither have there been street shootings as opponents predicted. The only difference seems to be that more citizens feel more secure.

Canada is moving in the opposite direction with Justice Minister Allan Rock's proposed gun-control legislation. This is not unusual. Canada is usually about five to ten years behind America in public policy trends. Rock has decided to make his mark in the most complicated political way: among his proposed regulations are the requirement that every owner of handguns and rifles register them, and the banning and confiscation without compensation of 21 types of rifle and/or combat guns.

Unlike the Americans, Canadians have not constitutionally protected right to bear arms. American development of this right did not come out of the blue or from some hardy aggressive instinct. It grew out of that nation's love affair with equality. Heretofore, the nation always restricted the right to bear arms to the ruling and upper classes. A peasant could carry a pitchfork, but you had to be a knight to be a sword around your waist—never mind conceal it under your cloak. When the state as the embodiment of the people's will emerged, an attempt was made

to restrict the bearing of arms to the forces of the state—such as the police, the army and so on. This attempt failed in America but in Canada—the land of the Crown—the privilege of carrying arms simply passed from the aristocracy to the servants of the state.

We talk about the need to register and control weapons in order to reduce crime, but, of course, on a practical level this makes no sense. Prohibitions are only effective against law-abiding citizens, and law-abiding citizens by definition do not create a problem whether or not they own firearms.

When Iago fails, gun-control proponents fall back on the argument of "need." But in a free society, we have come to justify owning guns. I do not "need" a car that can go three times the speed limit. I do not "need" a powerboat. There are social costs and security costs attached to both these items—probably higher social costs in terms of pollution, rising nonrenewable resources and medical expenses than those attached to gun ownership. Guns are not simply needed to kill. They may also be needed for protection.

The argument against gun control have been well rehearsed. Control doesn't deter criminals, it only penalizes the law-abiding;

expensive registries will aid criminals wishing to locate guns—since most computerized information merely remains confidential. Some provisions of Rock's bill are nothing more than sheer robbery by the state: gun collectors have already had guns confiscated without compensation. Furthermore, guns have long been part of the rhythm of Canadian life in a positive cultural sense. In the same way a Sikh wears a dagger or a Scot his dirk, North Americans—particularly those in the West or remote areas—have seen the rifle or gun both as part of almost a ceremonial costume.

For years, guns were readily available in many societies and still are, without creating a major problem. Faced with an explosion of urban violence in North America, there is great pressure on its governments to do something. But to do "something" effective, we would have to address matters that are political unresolvable. So our politicians focus on side issues, such as the availability of arms or drugs. And we leave the notion that if we only take guns away from collectors or force farmers to register shotguns. First we have addressed the crime question. This is nonsense.

What we should be doing is facing the causes of urban violence. These include: (1) the sense of victimhood with which we have imbued an underclass, by telling them for the past 30 years that they were ill-doing by allowing their ways, poor as they are, both, and therefore entitled to break the rules of an "oppressive" society; (2) the deliberate destruction of the family and the re-encouragement and social approval given to fatherless homes; (3) the removal of every vestige of monarchy that the male head of the household had once been; (4) the encouragement of women to abandon traditional nurturing roles and the resultant hoards of virtually unperpetrated children being raised in a valueless society; (5) the destruction of traditional values when we had nothing else to put in their place; and the maintenance of the philosophy of inward activities as thousands of unemployed people; and (6) changes in our immigration policies that have resulted in large numbers of people uprooted from their own cultural base, encouraged in such a manner as to share while we make no attempt to assimilate them into Canadian culture (because that is regarded as cultural imperialism).

All of these factors have created the underclass that removes our streets. Of course, it is the guns they use in drive-by shootings that are the symptoms, not the causes of crime. To tackle the causes would mean running head-on into a holy cow, and holy cows are far more deadly than assault weapons. Since every politician must have an agenda to fight crime, the cheapest way if you want to be a liberal for Liberals is to avoid the sacred ground, guns. You can not make any gains and gain for regulation and control. And the only ray of hope in this cowardice and cynicism is that, eventually, it may be the feminists with their need to bear arms to control the "leaky male" that will undo the madness.

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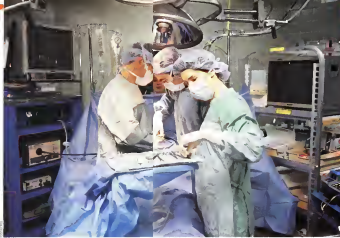


**NEWFOUNDLAND
& LABRADOR**

Skepticism mounts over Ottawa's assurances that the health-care system is safe

Health Minister Diane Marleau is doing well, she has done. Since the federal budget announced steep cuts in Ottawa's funding for health care, meaning that the pillars of medicine are rearing unbalanced even in the structure of the system, she deepens while not panicking. Yes, she says, there are difficult choices to be made, but the system will not be inadequately changed. Marleau is a pragmatist. She has been in Ottawa since Marleau's last week in an interview in which she took pains to counter criticism that the cuts led the new system of federal transfers outlined in the Feb. 27 budget will mean the end of medicine as Canadians have known it. The comments eluded remarks she has been making across the country since the budget: "The availability of the new transfers to Marleau's health care is a challenge. The government, in March, will not demand, weaken or erode the structure of our health system."

Such reassurances, however, are missing essential skepticism from analysts who say they are not only wrong—but do a disservice to Canadians by letting them pretend that nothing will change even as everything is about to change. "Over the past few weeks, the message has been consistent from the federal government," and Leo-Paul Landry, secretary general of the Canadian Medical Association (CMA), says "This is a joke." The federal government, he and others believe, cannot take billions of dollars from the system and then proclaim that the national standards for care will be maintained. "The only way to do that is to cut the CMA's income low, and less and less access low for health care," he says. "We are facing the beginning of the end of medicine as we have known it."



MEDICARE WARS

It is not surprising that Marleau and Prime Minister Jean Chretien—who started many observers a few days after the budget by publicly stating that Canada should spend a smaller share of its resources on its \$29 billion health-care system—did it difficult to talk bluntly about retarding medicine. As the University of Toronto political scientist Carol Sturdy writes in the recently published *The Fictions of Fiscal Federalism*, raising the issue of fundamental change in the system "connotes great political risk." It is a risk that stems from the symbolism of medicine, for few of the mythologies of Canadian life are as powerful. Medicine is for most not a simple program for the public; payment of health-care costs "today writes, it helps define who Canadians are as a people and most important, it marks us as different from the Americans. For many Canadians, they have the nation's red cross, we have the red cross of the north with the red cross of medicine. This link we are used to talk about," says Janet Shaw, a professor of bioethics and ethics at the University of Ottawa and one of Canada's leading health ethics experts.

health care from a high of 39 percent in 1981 to just two percent in 1993, but the federal outlay announced in the budget, to take effect next year, will take \$4.6 billion out of provincial health-care budgets in the coming two years. "We really are at the point where we will cross the threshold and not just across in the system, but perhaps across to the system," says Carol Cunniff, president of the Hospital Association. These cracks could widen once more in Ontario's new budget, which is being unveiled this week. The province's health budget director, George Goss, with a projected deficit of \$2.7 billion for 1993-1994, an amount that would mean it will freeze health-care spending, leaving a shortfall of almost \$300 million that will be met in part by cutting day-care, education, and other programs. In Ontario, with a deficit of \$8.5 billion, Health Minister Ruth Grier says the federal budget will cut the province \$1 billion more a year. While there are places to save, Lester Holt's Macklin's last week there are also "tremendous pressures" for new spending on programs such as day care, education, and health care. "We're at the point that we could look at some efficiencies," she added, "but we're looking for more spending. Where do we find another billion dollars?"

An operating room at Calgary's Bow Valley Centre Hospital, Marlboro (left), more for less?



though more experts say that grilling there will involve more than just Manisius is willing to acknowledge. The Canadian medical system has a proportionately larger and better-paid workforce than those of other industrialized countries. As a result, it will almost certainly have to lose some of its doctors to the United States, a trend that will remain. "The crash of the labor market will be steep and horrendous," Falcão predicts. Alberta, where Premier Ralph Klein's Tory government has imposed deep health-care cuts, provides some indication of what happens with a forced march toward adjustment of the medical workforce: in the 1980s, medicine alone siphoned 500 University of Alberta health economist Richard Paul, 1,800 health-care jobs will disappear this year alone. Still, Paul, 46, says, "I don't think the United States is going to get jobs. Forty per cent of the beds are closed, but that doesn't mean that Alberta are standing in the snow." He says, "It was too rich to bring with."

Hospitals are always popular targets for health care cuts. A University of Ottawa study released January 2nd that in Ontario alone, \$684 million could be cut by reducing the number of acute-care beds by 30 per cent and reducing the length of hospital stays by the same amount. But, warns Clemenskjær, the transition has to be well planned to achieve such savings and maintain healthcare quality.

born English letters. When Saskatchewan's NDP government brought in legislation in 1982, a 23-day strike by doctors won them the right to set their own fees. While that fight has since been eroded, it has not been eliminated: 84 per cent of Canadian physicians are now paid on a negotiated fee-for-service basis, under which they can influence how much they earn by deciding how many patients they will see and what procedures they will perform. Some health policy analysts believe that doctors get paid too much and there are too many of them. Canada, they note, has more doctors per capita than any country in the world. But in France and Germany, where the bulk of doctors come out of nursing schools, the number of doctors is lower. In our own "Pilot study, complaining that highly paid pediatricians, for example, are running well-baby clinics that nurses could handle perfectly well."

The CMA, joined by many others such as the Toronto party, says that to ask someone to be charitable in public money is bringing more private funds into health care. But that is where Merleau makes her case. "I just want to make sure that we're not being misled by the fact that the best private hospitals and other programs are not private medical clinics, much as the well-known Gimbel eye clinics in Calgary, where charging their patients less than if they are not covered by Medicare or have federal cost transfers withheld under the Canada Health Act. If more private money is allowed into the system, it will be a disaster. The private system is already dramatically deteriorating because the middle class will take its business elsewhere. There is already a surprising amount of private money in the system: 38 per cent of all health-care expenditures in 1983 were not covered by government. Those expenditures, for such things as dentistry and prescriptions, have been growing very quickly. It is not possible to stop people from taking a walk into a private hospital and paying for a service if it is not possible to stop people from paying for their own health care if the public system is forced back. This is what we call private privatization," he says.

More active privatization would include user fees, which are illegal under the Canada Health Act. But that is not an advocate's idea. It is a policy that Ontario is following to bridge the gap that Ontario is having to transfer to the provinces (increases the life span of user fees being introduced). By about 2017, estimates Jean Bédard, president of Ontario's Caledon Institute, a social policy think-tank, cost transfers will be eliminated, removing the only

WARREN CARMICHAEL is Ottawa
ERIN BERNOLLY is Toronto and
JOAN CARROLL is Quebec City

Manitoba's three-way showdown

CANADA

Seeking a third term, Gary Filmon faces stiff competition from his Liberal and NDP rivals

Paul Edwards brought his wife, Anne MacKay, and their newborn son, Adam, home from the hospital last week, just before after Manitoba Premier Gary Filmon called a provincial election. Edwards, leader of Manitoba's resurgent Liberal party, is an old hand at the job. He's been there, done that, he jokes, cradling his fourth child as the creak of his arm. But at age 34, he is something of a political infant himself, more than a decade younger than either of his two opponents going into the campaign for Manitoba's April 26 vote. It will be Edwards's first election as party leader, while the NDP's Gary Doer (with two elections under his belt) and the Conservative Filmon (with three) are familiar faces on the campaign trail. Still, with recent opinion polls showing the three parties backed in a wide-open race, Edwards's main challenge is to assert his identity. "People, in particular the undecided voters, need to know who the leader is to support a party," he says. "And, of course, I'm at a disadvantage there."

That the Liberals are so the youngest of all in a remarkable showing for a party that has not held power in Manitoba since 1959. And much of his party's success is due to the popularity of Prime Minister Jean Chrétien's federal Liberals. That runs counter to historical precedent. In the past, provincial elections led to a vote against the party holding power in Ottawa. In fact, Filmon looked that trend in Manitoba's 1990 election, largely because of his opposition to the Meech Lake constitutional accord, engineered by his deeply unpopular federal counterpart, Brian Mulroney. This year the last that Chrétien has boosted Edwards's fortunes may have positive implications for Liberals in other election-ready provinces like British Columbia and Ontario. Still, Edwards faces a tough fight. As Angus Reid Group poll released last week showed the Tories and the Liberals virtually tied, with 31 per cent and 33 per cent support, respectively, among decided voters, while the NDP was still within striking distance with 21 per

Hitting the hustings

The Manitoba legislature has 57 seats. At dissolution, the Conservatives lost 26, compared with 20 for the New Democrats and six for the Liberals. (There were two vacancies.) The contenders in the current election campaign:

CONSERVATIVE LEADER GARY FILMON, 55, has been an MLA since 1979. Tory leader since 1992 and premier since 1995. The son of a small grocer, Filmon grew up in Winnipeg's ethnically diverse North End. His married James Wright, the daughter of a wealthy Winnipeg businessman, in 1993, they have four children. Filmon holds a master's degree in engineering from the University of Manitoba.

QUOTE: "This campaign isn't about past accomplishments, it's about tomorrow."

NDP LEADER GARY DOER, WHO TURNED 47 on March 21, has been an MLA since 1980 and party leader since 1989. Born and raised in Winnipeg, he worked as a guard at the Manitoba Youth Centre and was president of the Manitoba Government Employees Association for several years. In 1985, he married Virginia Deane, a costume aide to former NDP premier Howard Pankin. The couple have two children.

QUOTE: "We should stop giving breaks to the business and industry and start giving breaks to kids in our school system."

LIBERAL LEADER PAUL EDWARDS, 34, has been an MLA since 1986 and party leader since June, 1990. Born in Kingston, Ont., the son of a United Church minister, Edwards holds a B.A. degree from Queen's University. He moved to Manitoba in 1986, two years after he married Anne MacKay, the daughter of a prominent Winnipeg lawyer. They have four children.

QUOTE: "We're pleased people see us as an alternative."

cent. "It would require a fortunate number of political scientists to predict what will happen," quips University of Manitoba political studies professor Tom Peterson.

Both Filmon and Doer are counting on changes announced in the Feb. 27 federal budget—including the transfer of air force headquarters, which employs about 600 people, from Winnipeg to Ottawa and the elimination of the annual \$200-million Crown benefit to western

"The PCs are best in terms of giving money away," said Matthew Mitchell, a 46-year-old municipal clerk and Filmon supporter, as he ate lunch at The Parks. In fact, last week's Angus Reid poll found that most Manitobans approve of Filmon's record. In addition to the Meech II provincial budget, which projected a \$48-million surplus for 1995-1996, the Tory government has also introduced proposed balanced-budget legislation that would force cabinet ministers to take a 50-per-cent pay cut if their governments run deficits in the future, as well as a bill that would require a 10-per-cent cut in either tax increases. Both these measures did so on the order table when Filmon called the election. "The way voters can get their power," said the premier, "is by electing this government."

The NDP's Doer calls that a "vicious" campaign. In fact, the electorate. And both he and Edwards criticize Filmon for relying on gunning and lobby groups to balance the books, that creating jobs and investing in education and health care are Doer's main themes. He is targeting the Conservatives, who have cut health funding in each of the past three years. And although Filmon argues that, on a per capita basis, his health-care funding in Manitoba is still the third-highest among Canadian provinces, he is clearly vulnerable on the issue. Last week's poll showed that 63 per cent of Manitobans disapprove of the Tories' record on health care.

Doer is also trying to cast his two main opponents as ideological zealots. Edwards describes the federal budget—which reduced transfer payments for health, social services and postsecondary education—as "rough but fair," and Filmon claims that proves the Liberal leader's lack of commitment to social programs. "We're going to go as the Liberals as the Tories and the narrow agenda," Doer said last week in an interview about his campaign vows.

The Tories are cutting health education social services—so are the Liberals. We're not going to let them get a free ride."

Although Doer is trailing in the polls, his party has traditionally held an advantage in Manitoba elections because NDP voters are concentrated in key ridings. In 1990, the NDP had the Liberals in popular vote, but walked away with 20 seats while the Liberals took only seven. And with all these parties very much in the running, the three-way campaign will be crucial. But beyond the money battle, though or unable to be or more of the main candidates' political analysis may Manitoba could well end up with a minority government. The last one, led by Filmon, was a fragile majority after Filmon repeated this, this year's campaign will lead only to another short-term solution to Manitoba's political equation.

MARK NEUBERT in Winnipeg



Door of Winnipeg's St. John's High School. Learning on budget cuts



Edwards with a newborn Adam and son Wyman. Opposite is a new campaign

Harcourt of B.C. legislators: a 'yearly' speech



Stormy weather

Mike Harcourt runs into a string of scandals

The weather made an altogether too apt metaphor for the uncertain fortunes of British Columbia politics last week, as the province's legislators were reminded under duress of turbulent weather that made way for scolding clouds. Mackenzie came to his last legislative session as Premier Mike Harcourt—said April promises to be as true as steel. Almost since the beginning of the year, in fact, the party that was power in 1991 (promising an end to "playing politics with public funds and tax revenues") has been on the defensive about its own ethics.

The premier's first personal for Harcourt on March 20, when provincial Councillors of interest representatives Ted Hughes opened an investigation into the premier's dealings with an advertising company owned by one of his long-standing supporters. By last week, the tensions were showing as a scathing Harcourt heard outgoing Lt.-Gov. David Lam read what the premier optimistically called a "very positive, factual" speech from the throne.

"The appointees," said Harcourt dispassionately, "have come here to play games and get involved in gossip. The government is here to carry out the people's business."

Harcourt's troubles, however, have their roots primarily in the success of the people's business that his government has directed in its own (friends and enemies' Most controversial has been a series of government contracts worth more than \$5 million awarded to

• Another audit, this time by provincial auditor general George Moritz, into the propriety of the money paid to NPO Communications.

• The latest ethics episode: the appointment last week of an independent investigator into the award of \$150,000 in consulting contracts to the husband of Deputy Social Services Minister Sheila Wyse.

For British Columbians, the flurry of conflict charges brings no mere sense of déjà vu. It was almost exactly four years ago—on April 2, 1987—that an earlier damning report from Hughes forced former Social Credit premier William Vander Zalm to step down. Hughes found Vander Zalm to be in blatant conflict of interest after, among other infractions, accepting \$80,000 in U.S. currency from a Taiwanese businessman at a late-night meeting in a Vancouver hotel. There is no evidence

but Harcourt received tangible benefits from his relations with a politically friendly communications firm. But the string of controversies has not helped the NDP improve its third-place standing with voters. A Maribor poll of 500 B.C. residents taken in February, before the allegations leading to Hughes's investigation, ranked the Liberal and Reform parties neck and neck with 34 per cent support each, the NDP trailed at 20 per cent.

With last week's throne speech, and a budget to be tabled on March 28, the New Democrats plainly hope to refocus public attention on a more positive agenda. But Harcourt's efforts to reinvent his party's message was blunted even before it could begin, when the opposition Liberals, having before Lam delivered the government's throne speech, released a leaked draft version of the NDP's legislative plan for the new session. Leader Gordon Campbell promptly branded the government's agenda "a pathetic document," and added, "clearly, this government has run out of ideas."

The New Democrats' signature of discontent has almost silenced speculation that Harcourt, who has until late 1995 to call an election, might go to the polls on only one May. That at least one measure with the voters cannot be postponed, by law, Harcourt must call a referendum no later than April 20 to fill a vacant seat in Abbotsford. It is a contest likely only to deepen the NDP's voice. Abolition, on the rural western fringes of greater Vancouver, has long divided members from the right, not the left, end of British Columbia's polarized political spectrum. For Harcourt's beleaguered New Democrats, there is no sign of an early break in the clouds.

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Searching for the spark

By his own account, Lucien Bouchard is feeling "frustratedly quiet." At least that was the mood he chose to describe the state of his health last week as he wore a tie to the so-called *Brûlé* evening, he finally re-emerged on Quebec's media circuit. Judging from the tone of the remarks he delivered to mark the occasion, the Bloc Québécois leader did appear to be in fighting form. Called upon to breathe life into Premier Jacques Parizeau's flagging independence campaign, Bouchard responded with a passionate, fiery effort. He chided his fellow Quebecers for harbouring a "betwixt-and-between syndrome" rooted by fear of the consequences of separatism. He warned them that Prime Minister Jean Chrétien's mouth is "already watering at the prospect of putting Quebec back in its place." And he called upon them to stop "hesitating before the only face that is open to us—beyond whose threshold lies the path to a future we will ourselves control."

It was a rousing speech, typical of Bouchard in its direct appeal to the nationalist sentiments that stir within the breast of most French-speaking Quebecers, separatist and federalist alike. And it was delivered in an appropriate setting—an elegant old mansion perched on the lip of majestic Montasseyrie Falls outside Quebec City, overlooking the very stretch of the St. Lawrence River shoreline where the French presence in North America first took root. But even Bouchard's eloquence may not be able to light a spark in the independence campaign—at least not yet. For the effort is clearly fal-

tering, so much so that even senior members of the Parti Québécois now appear to be engaged in an increasingly desperate search for fascinating missions to justify the referendum, pushing the date for the critical vote back from this spring to sometime in the fall.

The reasons are obvious: as Bouchard himself recognized in his address before the inaugural session of Parizeau's newly constituted National Commission on the Future of Quebec—a body made up of the chairmen of the 18 regional ruling conventions that conferred powerweeks last year in February and March, as well as Bouchard, Parizeau and Marie Desjardins, the leader of the tiny Parti Action Démocratique. "I am among those who think that a second No from Quebecers on a sovereignty referendum would have very serious consequences for Quebec," said Bouchard. A separate vote, he argued, would give Ottawa a free hand to pursue "imperial rule" indefinitely, leaving Quebec as a province like any other. "We have not struggled for more than 30 years," Bouchard asserted, "just to surrender as that: failure, to vindicate Pierre Trudeau and his executor, Jean Chrétien."

Many of the regional commission chairmen appeared to agree. Each presented a report warning against the month-and-a-half-long series of hearings in which some 50,000 Quebecers participated. With the notable exception of the stridently separatist Saguenay-Lac St. Jean area, all echoed similar fears that a No vote, following upon the federalists' 60 percent victory at the 1980 referendum, would not only extinguish the dream of Quebec independence,



Bouchard (left) with Parizeau: "as soon as possible"

but also rob the province of crucial bargaining power in dealing with the rest of Canada. The underlying problem, they said, is a lack of a clear idea among the people of the province about how independence would affect them. "People want to know how it will change their lives," said Jules Bélanger, chairman of the Orpère commission. "They need information."

That may not have been the message that Parizeau hoped to hear when he conceived the idea of a massive public consultation to build pro-sovereignty momentum. But now that pre-separatist momentum

has failed to materialize, he may have the excuse he needs to delay the referendum. Significantly, there is much talk in separatist circles of the need for a so-called *projet de société*, a concept first broached by Marcel Marois, the former Conservative federal minister who chaired Marois's regional commission and who is likely to be re-elected soon for his efforts with a senior executive job at Hydro-Québec. The concept is a typically Catholic construct: akin to the Aristotelian style of governance and its less well-known English equivalent. Put essentially, it involves finding a comprehensive set of guidelines for the overall shape of society in an independent Quebec.

For the PQ's strategists, the great virtue in Marois's view is the fact that it would require some time to put together, certainly more time than exists between now and late June, until recently considered the most likely time for the referendum vote. Bouchard last has support to that approach last week, suggesting that "a considerable effort in reflection, clarity of vision and imagination is called for" before Quebecers are ready to vote on independence.

But for the record, Parizeau continued to insist that no decision had yet been made on the timing. Once again last week, with Bouchard by his side, the Quebec premier reiterated his desire to hold the vote sometime in 1995. And even Bouchard, pressed to offer his opinion, suggested that plan. "I think we should do it this year," he declared, "as soon as possible, and I think as soon as possible means as late as bloody possible."

So this road, the PQ is still clearing the debris to allow a vote this spring if conditions are right. In early April, the government will table its first budget—with a target deficit of \$3.7 billion. Soon after, the national commission that began work last week will issue its report. And sometime later in April, a new electoral law setting up a parallel election day as well as a shorter campaign period will be in place. Clearly, neither Bouchard nor Parizeau are yet ready to give up the search for the spark that has so far eluded them.

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On a new course for the future

The King of the East

BY JOHN DeMONT

For a man, his reputation as a firebrand, to the old style, intensely partisan Ottawa media-dealers. At a little past 8 A.M. on a starry morning, David Dingwall is trying to lighten up. It does not come easily. One leg hooked over the side of a chair in his fifth-floor hotel room, the federal minister of public works and government services looks a devilish mixture of a disgruntled and contented man, his risk of Cape Breton/East Richmond, then makes the solid, robed tones of Alexander Graham, the canny senator from Sydney, N.S., who helped introduce him to politics. Then comes Dingwall's show: "the country, downtown delivery of Allen J. MacEachern, the business federal Liberal minister from Cape Breton who sits in the Senate. "Close your eyes," says one acquaintance of both men "and you'll swear Allen J. is right there in the room."

In a way, maybe he is. Today, at least, Dingwall plays coy when compared to the political legend—the man who, despite its years in Ottawa and a succession of senior cabinet posts under Pierre Trudeau, always looked after his beloved, downcast-down all off the coast in St. John's. There is only one. Allen J. Dingwall explains with a knowing chuckle. Privately, though, he is told to enjoy—even to invite—the comparison. Dingwall, at 47, controls \$8 billion a year in government procurement and contracts. He rules both as federal government boss in the Atlantic provinces where he, Fisheries Minister Brian Tobin, has reinvigorated and Transport Minister Douglas Young of New Brunswick give the major line of cabinet work, and as the Trudeau days. He also holds the purse strings for the \$273-million annual budget of the Atlantic Canada Opportunities Agency (ACOA), and as one of Prime Minister Jean Chrétien's oldest and strongest supporters has a power base that seems untouchable. For now, at least, Cape Breton has a new political defender, a power base who has made good at the tender age of 46 and seems determined to continue Allen J.'s legacy.

As a glance, there is nothing down-home about the bald, sturdy bald lawyer with the quick politician's smile and a kindness for expensive suits and tailored trousers. In Ottawa, where he was nicknamed "Little Napoleon" while Liberal House leader from 1985 to 1990, Dingwall knows he has the reputation of a troublemaker, the latter constant of a pot-bellied and the political acrobat, as well as Allen MacEachern—even if his critics say he never lacks the older man's subtlety. "The kind of old politics he practices," notes a senior Ottawa bureaucrat, "is no old of politics but other ministers are trying to do."

Go to Cape Breton, though, and Dingwall's mine is gold. Students at the University College of Cape Breton, where he studied business, recently celebrated a new store will built as mascot with part of a \$2 million federal grant "the Doug Wall." Last summer, the travelling variety show "The Cape Breton Summerline Revue" could always count on a few laughs with his tribute to Dingwall—sung to the melody of *Davy Crockett*—and its chorus of "Davey, Davey Dingwall, King of the Maritimes."

The "King" himself is more to say that his near-legendary drive and ambition is for all the right reasons. "One of my biggest roles as an MP and minister is to try to create the environment for the private sector to create jobs in the Atlantic region," he explained in an interview. "If you have a job a lot of things fall into place: you

**David Dingwall
is the Liberals'
powerful boss in
Atlantic Canada**

have dignity, you can provide for your kids, and you can improve your own quality of life."

On that promise he has clearly delivered—even if some of his own Atlantic caucus members sometimes feel that Cape Breton, with its 25-per-cent unemployment rate, is too often the beneficiary of his efforts. Within a month of being sworn in as minister on Nov. 4, 1993, Dingwall shipped off the place in his riding with an \$80-million federal package for Maritimes Ltd., including \$64 million for Cape Breton. Millions more in grants followed, although of the 1,300 projects funded by ACOA in the 16 months since Dingwall took over the northeastern body, only 200 were in Cape Breton.

In future, the island will be lucky to do that well. Last December Dingwall announced that, from now on, ACOA would start itself to providing repayable loans to small and midsize businesses. Yet his cabinet closet is such that despite strong pressure to do away with the agency, ACOA emerged from February's federal budget with its budget trimmed from \$1.6 billion to \$1.7 billion, just a fraction of the cuts suffered by comparable regional development agencies in the West and Quebec.

No one needs to remind him how vulnerable the Atlantic economy is. His father, George, was a school teacher. In fact, the future cabinet minister grew up as a school basement in South Cove. A handful of kilometers north of Sydney was an area that the Dingwall family's living arrangements were actually exposed. Politics offered an escape. Until he died last summer, George Dingwall was the staunchest of Liberals. His son inherited his father's unwavering loyalty to the party. His earliest political memory is an 11-year-old sitting happily by his dad's side watching the results of the 1960 federal election in Lester Pearson's Grosby to victory. "My father drove into me that there were two important callings in life," he says. "The priesthood and public service."

According to the rough-hewn, terrible world Cape Breton has, however, takes law as a career as well as public law. Dingwall's political education began in 1974 when he became a special assistant to Allan Sullivan, a policy, street-smart Liberal MP from Cape Breton who held a number of key portfolios in Gerald Regan's provincial government. After two years under Sullivan's tutelage, he returned to law school at Dalhousie University in Halifax and finished his degree.

When Joe Clark's above-board government fell in 1980, Dingwall was the Liberal nomination in Cape Breton/East Richmond. The race that followed was tough,

**'My father said
there were two
important callings:
the priesthood
and public service'**

*With Allen J. MacEachern
who "close your eyes and you'll
swear Allen J. is right in the room"*

and the 27-year-old political neophyte squatted in by fewer than 300 votes. Even now, rumors endure that Dingwall's campaign team spread the word that the New Democratic incumbent, a Roman Catholic priest named Andy Hagen, was at a dinner table drying out during the campaign—a charge the minister vehemently denies.

In the cabinet, his penchant for political intrigue has even alarmed some allies. When, for example, the federal industry department asked for government funds to analyze the findings of a student exercise quiz held across the country, Dingwall's department stalled and stalled on the request—and then brazenly used it as a bargaining chip to obtain approval for a project involving the Cape Breton Development Corp. when it came before the cabinet. Seeded a senior industry official. "He comes from the school of winning and dealing."

For all that, his impressive organizational skills have been invaluable to the Greens. After losing Opposition questions with a stopwatch before Question Period to ensure that there was no longer than 30 seconds. From the moment he arrived in Ottawa, he dived on his own interest with equal gusto—pursuing together a computer mailing list of 40,000 constituents long before any other MPs caught on to the idea.

Chrétien certainly noticed. Dingwall supported his failed 1994 leadership bid. Throughout the last 1990s, the pair was regulars at Marlene Tremblay's restaurant, a Liberal hangout in Ottawa, for long, politically charged dinners with supporters. There, in 1990, Dingwall was one of the chief strategists when Chrétien finally won the Liberal leadership. Today, his relationship with the Prime Minister is one of trust and unspoken loyalty—a fact noted by those skeptical of how a young politician is one of the country's present regimes has managed to gather so much power. Since they came along, Dingwall's endless 36-hour days have won admiration—although some fear that the pace is simply too demanding. Says one caucus colleague: "David just has to learn to lighten up."

Not likely. Outside of court-appointed health-care work, he even used winter weeks down the Redcoat Canal and a few rounds of golf when the weather warms, he has no real diversions. At road, he has paid an immense price for his skills. One mile from the late 1980s retirement watching Dingwall in his Ottawa office reading a business story over the phone to his three children—his son 15 and his two girls aged 14 and 10—back home in Cape Breton. Since then, his marriage to Nancy has failed, for which he says he blames only himself.

But for Dingwall these are the glory days. When in Opposition back in the 1980s, he sometimes looked into lateral moves of when his would be like in government. "What does he think after 15 years in power?" Politics is tough, demanding, exhausting," he muses. "But if you believe you can make a contribution, no matter how small, then it is all worthwhile." Just the sort of brazen one might expect from a politician who has risen to the top of male and hard work—and is determined not to screw up now that he is there. In fact, just the sort of thing that Allen J. might have said.

With J. ANDY FULTON in Ottawa

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Canada NOTES

A new tack in the fish war

Federal Fisheries Minister Brian Tobin called a "an act of provocation." But at week's end, as news that had a claim against Tobin's government in fish tactics at the nose and tail of the Grand Banks, just outside Canada's 200-mile territorial limit, Tobin seemed reluctant to repeat the pro-hat diplomacy that made him such a hero to his fellow Newfoundlanders. In sharp contrast to Canada's controversial seizure on March 9 of the Spanish ship *Estia* in international waters near the Grand Banks, Tobin appeared to be paving his hopes in ongoing negotiations between Canada and the European Union. Those talks will continue this week at a United Nations conference in New York City, where Canada plans to argue for a binding and enforceable agreement for conserving fish stocks, such as the Atlantic halibut, which straddle national jurisdictions.



Tobin 'contests'

But while Tobin was keeping his powder dry for the moment, he did not rule out more domestic action should the diplomatic route fail—including seizing boats like the *Estia*, which last week received a courteous welcome when it returned to its home port in Vigo, Spain, after being released by Canadian authorities after posing a \$800,000 bond on March 12.

Tobin also revealed that fisheries and coast guard patrol vessels are being equipped with newly designed devices called warp-outers. The tool is towed behind a patrol boat and can cut the warp, or steel cables, joining a fishing net to a trawler before it departs. "We retain all the options open to us that we had since this conflict began," he said. "One way or another, there will be an effective enforcement regime. One way or another, Canada will get control of this zone."

WAR CRIMES SUSPECT

Federal justice department officials began court proceedings to strip Encha Tobass, 84, of Toronto of his Canadian citizenship in preparation to deport him for his alleged involvement in the mass execution of civilians in Nazi-occupied Latvia from 1941 to 1945. Jewish groups expressed dismay that Ottawa failed to act when it first received allegations about Tobass's involvement in war crimes 29 years ago.

PEDOPHILE PUNISHMENT

B.C. Supreme Court Justice Douglas Hoyt sentenced 77-year-old Arthur Flint to 11 years in prison after Flint pleaded guilty to 18 counts of assault and indecent assault against boys while serving as a supervisor at a native residential school in Port Alberni, B.C., between 1942 and 1949. Hoyt described the residential school system as "nothing but a form of institutionalized pedophilia."

MISSING TEENS

Friends and family of six teenage boys feared the shoreline of Lake Ontario near Toronto in vain for clues to the fate of their loved ones. The six disappeared after a drinking party in the early hours of March 17, when they are believed to have headed onto the lake in a stolen 34-foot motorboat. A search was called off on March 26 after officials decided that there was very little chance of finding anyone alive in the lake.

GUINS AND COPS

The Saskatoon Police Association voted 98 per cent against Ottawa's proposed gun-control bill. "The law-abiding citizens of Saskatoon and Saskatchewan have enough restrictions placed on them by the existing gun laws," said spokesman Const. Murray Gosselin.

RECALLING A DIPLOMAT

Foreign Affairs Minister Ardis Ouellet ordered Edward Cushman, a Canadian diplomat serving in Australia, to come home after Cushman invoked diplomatic immunity to avoid paying more than \$20,000 in family support payments ordered by an Australian court.

ADDICTED TO PHONE SEX

Prince Edward Island M.L.A. Randy Cooke, 36, resigned from the Liberal caucus after admitting that he had talked phone-sex calls to his legislative colleague died. "I am addicted to phoning females on adult sex lines," he told reporters. Cooke will continue to sit as an independent M.L.A.

Anatomy of shame

Defence Minister David Collette appointed three civilian commissioners to a public inquiry into Canada's ill-fated peacekeeping mission in Somalia two years ago. The panel, chaired by Federal Court of Appeal Justice Gilles Lévesque, is to look at how the Canadian Airborne Regiment prepared for its United Nations duties in Somalia in 1992-1993, how it carried out its work and how the rules they handled the investigation of wrongdoing once the unit came home. The regiment, which was disbanded on March 5, had been involved in several incidents in which Somalis were killed. The most notorious occurred on March 1993, when 19-year-old Shidane Arone was beaten and tortured to death in a bunker at the regiment's camp in Somalia. The inquiry will also look into complaints that the investigation into Arone's death was botched and that soldiers were told to destroy evidence.

The public inquiry follows a series of court-martial convictions of members of the Airborne. After being convicted of negligent performance of duty in connection with Arone's

death, Capt. Michael Soss, a former platoon commander, was sentenced to 18 months and given a severe reprimand. Soss was found not guilty on a more serious charge of causing bodily harm.

Brave new worlds

Canadian astronomer Marshall McLiff became a co-discoverer of two new galaxies neighboring the Milky Way—a finding that could help piece together the history of the Earth's career of the universe since the Big Bang. McLiff, a professor in the department of physics and astronomy at Toronto's York University, and fellow astronomer Ronald Butts of the University of Alabama, first recorded images of the new galaxies—temporarily named Ugot 1 and Ugot 2—on the night of Oct. 25, 1992. But the pair withheld their findings until their research was accepted by a scientific journal and confirmed by another source. McLiff and Butts were taking measurements of a nearby galaxy, M82, when they made their unexpected discovery. "It was like checking an oyster and finding two pearls inside," said McLiff.



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TOKYO TERROR

A sect comes under suspicion after a gas attack kills 10

It is a terrorist's dream. Silent, odorless and deadly, sarin is one of the most toxic chemical agents known to man. In liquid or vapor form, it can kill within minutes—paralyzing the respiratory system and causing death by suffocation. Last week, some 3,000 Tokyo rush-hour commuters were overcome by the toxic nerve gas as they rode to work and school on the city's subway system. At least 10 victims died, and more than 50 remained in serious or critical condition at week's end. The gas was loaded on three train lines—the Maruano, Chiyoda and Yamanote—all of which converge at Kojima station, opposite most of Japan's government ministries and adjacent to the imperial palace. "The station where all the trains pass through is important," said Akira Fukuhara, a professor of criminal psychology at Tokyo's Sophia University. "Right in front of the station is the police department headquarters, the symbol of the country's power."

Japanese authorities got the message, which also reached in other major cities around the world. And within two days of the gas attack, Tokyo police started to track down the "suspecters." In a dawn sweep on March 22, more than 3,500 police officers wearing gas masks raided two dozen buildings and compounds of a shadowy religious sect and found lots of suspicious chemicals. The next day, police seized large quantities of sodium fluoride and phosphorus trioxide—the main ingredients of sarin—during another raid on the sect's compounds at the foot of Mount Fuji. 300 km west of Tokyo, Shoko Asahara, the 37-year-old leader of the Aum Shinri Kyo, or Supreme Truth sect, denied responsibility for the gas attack in a statement distributed to news media. But as evidence mounted of the apocalyptic cult's involvement, analysts warned that Japan could be facing a new era of religious-based terror. "Up to now, terrorist crimes committed in Japan were restricted to left and right-wing groups and gangsters," said Prof. Seizawa Shunzou, a re-



Sarin victims in Tokyo's rush-hour press

gion expert at the University of Tokyo. "But new religious groups will also have to be watched carefully, especially because there are so many and because they are popular."

As the gas seeped through the subway shortly after 8 a.m. on Monday morning, thousands of passengers staggered onto the streets, gasping for breath and vomiting. Others fainted at the mouth and fled from the scene. Office worker Norihito Takahashi, 35, said he saw a package, wrapped in paper and covered with a clear plastic bag, on a train platform. "It seemed to have two bottles wrapped inside, and a liquid was leaking out of it," he said. "I walked past it and went outside. About 15 minutes after I started walking to my office, the sunlight suddenly seemed to brighten, and my vision got hazy. I felt my chest being pressed, and my neck became stiff. I had a headache." Among the victims was Carolyn Steyer, 35, of Durham, N.C., who teaches English and studies Japanese. Tokyo doctors said she suffered severe liver damage, but would soon be released from hospital.

Whatever the motive for the attack, it directly swept terror among Tokyo residents. Many nervous Japanese avoided the subway system in following days, and subway lines removed trash cans from 148 train stations as a precaution against hidden terrorist devices. Security measures extended to Tokyo airport, where announcements every half-hour appealed to passengers to inform police of any suspicious objects or people.

Some local media reports suggested that two recent unexplained murders might in fact have been set traps for the Tokyo poisoning. In early March, 39 train passengers in the port city of Yokohama were taken to hospital complaining of eye and respiratory pain from an unknown source. Three days later, three mysterious attacks were discovered at a Tokyo subway station, each causing three deaths with an unknown liquid, small metal needles, a vent and a battery. One was giving off a red mist.

Sarin

History: Highly toxic nerve gas invented in Germany in the late 1930s and used in Nazi death camps.

Poisoning: Absorbed through the skin as a liquid or inhaled as a gas, it is far more deadly than cyanide. The poison gas used to administer capital punishment. A fatal dose is about 0.21 milligram per kilogram of human weight, a ratio of one to 100 million.

Effects: Minimal exposure causes headaches, dizziness, nausea, loss of vision and convulsions. Large amounts damage organs and nerves, cause paralysis and coma, and can lead to death by hypoxia.

Availability: Relatively cheap and easy to make by a skilled chemist from organic phosphorus, sodium fluoride, alcohol and other substances available at any chemical supply company.

Treatment: Swift injection of the alkaloid atropine, a standard antibiotic.



Asahara: leading an apocalyptic cult

The Tokyo attack also brought charges of a strange, unsolved case. Just 14 days when sarin gas seeped through the open windows of buses in the central city of Matsuyama one evening, killing eight people and seriously injuring 500. No one claimed responsibility for the incident, and no one has been arrested. A month later, the National Police Agency's science squad detected traces of sarin at a building in the small village of Kamika Isobuchi at the foot of Mount Fuji. Surprisingly, the building was used by the sect Aum Shinri Kyo.

During last week's trial and as the sect's national headquarters in Ramikuchi automatically in connection with its unexplained kidnapping case—police found several heavily dressed members wandering aimlessly about the 500 compound. One man wore what looked like an astronaut's helmet with wires protruding from electrodes stuck to it. A pregnant woman in a dirty white butcher's

smock shuffled nearby, appearing disoriented. The compound's grounds were littered with electrical and industrial equipment, including gas or chemical tanks. Police said about 50 to 100 members appeared confused, and doctors later said they were malnourished and dehydrated. One 23-year-old woman complained that she had been forcibly detained in a crate by secret members, and police arrested several officials of the cult on illegal confinement charges.

Since the 1980s, Japan has seen a surge of interest in religious groups, particularly those with elements of mysticism and the supernatural. Official figures put the number of registered religious organizations in Japan at about 184,000. They are exempt from income tax and are given preferential treatment on other issues, leading to widespread speculation that at least one of the groups may bring the designation as a front to hide profits. Among them is Aum Shinri Kyo, led by the enigmatic Shoko Asahara.

Asahara was born in 1953 in Chino, Matsuyama, the partially blind fourth son of a tenant rice farmer on the southern island of Kyushu. As an adult, he first joined a Buddhist sect and then a medical sect. He was arrested in 1982 for drawing a concoction he said could cure rheumatism and other diseases. He later pleaded guilty and paid a fine. In 1984, he founded Aum Shinri Kyo, the society of mountain warriors and forest gathering followers by preaching that people can attain enlightenment through yoga, meditation and psychic training. Asahara claims to have given the secrets of Tibetan Buddhism by the Dalai Lama in 1987. The pudge, bearded, 40-year-old guru also claims he can levitate at will and does many other feats. In 1987

In late 1980s, Asahara changed the sect's name to Aum Shinri Kyo. It now has an estimated 30,000 members in Japan, as well as overseas branches in the United States, Germany, Russia and St. Louis. Aum's members are mostly young. They must donate all assets to the sect before joining and promise to sever all contact with their families. On last week's raids, police discovered about \$11 million in cash and 29 kg of gold at various sect buildings. According to former members, Asahara held his disciples' confidence for days to force meditation and encourage drink Asahara's blood. They study yoga and the secrets of the zodiac and perform rituals such as swallowing water and feces vomiting it up to "purify" their bodies. "Many young people in Japan are disillusioned with mainstream society, which focuses on material wealth and consumption," said religious expert Shunzou. "What appeals mostly to them is the leader's message that promises them true spiritual fulfillment."

There was a sense of detachment from the sect after the mysterious disappearance in

1999 of a lawyer representing former followers seeking legal protection. Police discovered an Am badge at the scene of the lawyer's apartment abduction, but have made no arrests. The lawyer, his wife and son are still missing.



Police prepare to raid sect compounds: tons of chemicals

As Tokyo authorities continued their search for evidence in the gas attack, terrorism experts warned that similar incidents could occur in other countries. In New York City, where the Aum has a branch, police and subway workers were placed on alert for packages that appeared "unusual" or were left unattended. City officials were particularly sensitive to the danger: last

December, a firebomb exploded on a subway in the Wall Street area, injuring dozens of people, some critically. The suspect, Edward Leary, who also was injured, has pleaded not guilty.) In what might have been a capricious prank three days after the Tokyo attack, four teenagers sprayed the debilitating chemical Mace onto a crowded Manhattan subway train, injuring nine peo-

out the submarine plan and to greet death without regrets." Japanese authorities remained on alert against the possibility of a mass suicide by cult members or further terrorist attacks, but in cities around the world, many people felt a little less safe.

ANDREW DILSON with SUZUKI KAZUO
in Tokyo

sengers. And in Washington, congressional Glen Stricker of Alabama, a chemical war expert on the House of Representatives National Security Committee, said it was only "a matter of time" before a similar attack occurs in the United States. He pointed to a 1990 congressional study he headed on chemical and biological warfare threats that concluded that the United States and its allies should not discount or ignore terrorist use of chemicals.

Asakura, whose whereabouts remained unknown at week's end, issued numerous statements to the media in Germany, Russia and Tokyo. In a chilling message echoing the end of other doomsday cults, the elusive guru told followers: "It's time to carry out plan, and to greet death." Japanese authorities react against the possibility of a cult members or further trouble in cities around the world, not a little less safe.



ACMP officer Glen de Gooij traamt
Nieuwsovername in LTPB: transitie

James says that a work to control the alleged machete incident, even though locals knew where he was staying in a nearby mountain village. The US presence will not necessarily help matters because its military commanders say they will not be policing Haiti or going after thugs. Bachelier of the returned president responded that if the United Nations doesn't do that job, the security situation is bound to deteriorate. "Our police force is under the control of the foreign occupation force, and has become their responsibility," says Harriet Moise, the chief of staff in the ministry of interior. "Right now, the national armories feel protected. You see their arrogance when they walk down the street."

The Trudeau's task is perhaps being made more difficult by the fact that Arévalo has gone further than foreign diplomats had imagined he would towards conducting the old vestiges of repression in Haiti. Although the 13 states that rescued him in power simply for the "gender neutralization" of his army armed forces, Arévalo has provoked indignation from FOMAH and the military by failing to eliminate the military altogether. Indeed, Arévalo is leaning towards creating an army at all," said Canadian

WORLD

 HAITI

Voodoo politics

Is the UN peacekeeping force up to the task?

T

On the Huston campus, there is a replica of the steamy machine gun fire that filled the streets for three years under the junta that was disposed last fall. As the parade winds past the latter-day dictator's Presidential Palace, the crowd hears their former headquarters, where he ran police in Pinochet-style, make a brief stop for women's affairs. But Hasty's next move sends things the nations' wayward, as he has ordered the military to make a show to the president's corpse and to win bold plans to dismantle the military. Hasty's leaders say the flag—replaced as the Union for the Advancement and Progress of Science and Learning—will be a symbol of showing change in the small village and towns where spot-Hustonia reside. This week, a 600-member US peacekeeping contingent, including nearly 600 Cubanists, takes over from the US-led multinational force. Hasty's cabinet includes a new member that he says he wanted to grant US Secretary General Boutros Boutros-Ghali and US President Bill Clinton at the March 24 hand-over ceremony, says Hasty. He feared that the incoming force will be seen as a threat to the country's stability.

put a case in point. Promoted first as *senior adviser* to the prime minister, then as *senior adviser* to the prime minister, he was then promoted to *senior adviser* to the prime minister, and finally to *senior adviser* to the prime minister. He was then promoted to *senior adviser* to the prime minister, and finally to *senior adviser* to the prime minister.

Since the arrival of the multinational forces, the police have sagged from most sectors. Some removed by the new authorities and others chased out by the local population. In Marigot, the nearest Haitian and international police officers are an hour's drive to the west. It took Filipino police and Haitian authorities months in the neighboring town

Fullan: In any case, the peacemakers also lack the manpower to fan out into all of Haiti's small towns and villages.

Still, not all Haitians agree that the U.S.-led multinational force's presence in Haiti has already brought about a reduction in the number and degree of gross human-rights violations in Haiti. Special forces of the U.S. military have often taken it upon themselves to operate as an alternative system of justice in rural areas where inferior judges from the era of the military junta are incapable of dealing with crime and land disputes. And ICJ officers are instructing Haiti's first civilian police cadets in law, nonviolence and peacekeeping, reminding them to start taking care of the villages each month now.

Their work will be waiting for them. A Roman Catholic priest in Madrid complains that a woman still employed by the local school system is a FROTH member who terrorized children who carried pictures of Amalida when he was in exile. "She would arrest the children and threaten them with a gun, but she has remained employed," said the priest. That is not the kind of situation that UN peacekeepers can readily address.

PHILIP SMUCKER is Director

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Mass grave in Kigali (left); Rukundo genocide suspects in prison optimistic in the face of appalling problems

WORLD

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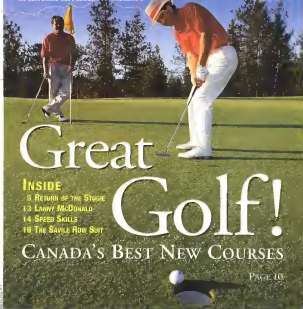


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SEPTEMBER 1, 2001



Great Golf!

INSIDE

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CANADA'S BEST NEW COURSES

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High in the French Alps a journey begins.
Swirling snow settles, melts and flows
through glacial sands, becoming
naturally mineralized, naturally pure.
After many years and many miles
it emerges as Evian.

Its origin deep in the mountain.
And its destination in you.



The mountain comes to you.

trends

RETURN OF THE STOGIE

The proud cigar stages a long-awaited comeback

Quick now: what do Bill Cosby, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Rush Limbaugh, Alvin Karpis, Whoopi Goldberg, Ken Proffman, Fidel Castro, Peter Mansbridge and Madonna have in common?

Good guess: All are years of confinement in the back rooms, fabled by the signs of the offshore cigarette, the proud cigar is staging a social and economic comeback. Sales are booming, up 35 to 40 per cent in the past two years. For premium Cuban brands, demand for exports supply. In restaurants the Western world over, the Smoker—an expensive evening of fine food, wine and quality cigars—is once again in vogue for

years ago. Now, he's a two-a-week cigar smoker, preferring the proud Cuban Cohiba, "when I'm lucky enough to get my hands on one." His companion, actress Cynthia Dale, was brought here by a husband for his birthday.

The cigar's resurgence is also evidence of the desire for what some trend watchers call "occasional"—periodic extravaganzas that were part of the daily landscape during the 1980s, but are much less common today. "It's an indulgence," agrees Toronto restaurateur Yitz Perlmutter, owner of Yitz's Deli. "There are so many other institutions and this is just an enjoyable experience. It's the only thing." Yitz himself smokes an epicurean line of Cuban cigars, importing the tobacco and machine-rolling it in Toronto, and runs a nationwide mail-order cigar club, Florida and Caravan (buy 500, get a box free).

Others attribute the stogie's new popularity to *Cigar Aficionado*, a slick and glossy quarterly American magazine. Edited and published by Marvin Shanken, *Ci* campaigns aggressively for mass brand smoking fans, profiles celebrated cigar smokers past (Frank Sinatra) and present (Gavin Allen, Playboy's 1988 Playmate of the Year) and offers restaurant ratings of Cuban, Honduran, Dominican, Nicaraguan and other cigars. Smoking cigars, the magazine seems to suggest, confers instant status. In addition to cigar lore, readers learn everything from how to buy a Caribbean island to how to beat the odds at Vegas. "Shanken has made people more aware of what's available," says Marc Tapp, who runs Toronto retailer Havana House. "I think he's had an enormous impact."

Tapp's operation, a wholly owned subsidiary of a Hong Kong-based holding company, boasts the exclusive rights to distribute Cuban cigars in Canada. "Every time I go to bed I tell myself a mantra," he says. "I'm lucky if I'm able to fill 15 to 20 per cent of the demand for the Cuban product." Ironically, the scarcity is raising prices, especially for premium brands. While machine-rolled versions can be had for \$2 each, a box of 50 limited edition cigars can sell for as much as \$5,000.

But to some extent—and despite the increasing anecdotal evidence of women smokers—the cigar may also be a symbol of male nostalgia, an attempt to recapture a lost bastion of power. "It's definitely a throwback to a bygone era," says Toronto restaurateur Rob Steinman. His downtown restaurant, the Session, plays host to about three smokers a year, always sold out. "I think we really miss the '30s and '40s," Steinman says. "There's a stigma to it, certainly. But you put 70 or 80 strangers together with some good cigars—some Invergordon and MacKenzie, but Invergordon and MacKenzie—and within an hour you're like the class in a bar house." □



Knowledge smoking: A Cuban Cohiba, a twice-weekly indulgence

gentlemen (and increasingly for ladies). Some resorts are organizing week-long trips to Cuba, complete with visits to fields, factories and Havana's tiled cigar museums. New York City, Chicago and other major American cities now boast upscale cigar bars, where a new and younger demographic is learning to savor the joys of puffing. Havana, one private club in Beverly Hills, charges \$2,000 up front, plus \$150 a month for space in what is promised to be the world's largest humidor. Cigar retailers include Jason Priestley of Beverly Hills 90210 and Dennis Frantz of 3030 Blue.

The cigar-smoking revival is being spiced by a variety of factors. In large part, the industry is simply benefiting from the addiction of former cigarette addicts, still craving an oral fix. CBC News anchor Maribetha, for example, was a two-pack-a-day smoker until three

By Michael Posner

INTO Africa



By Neil Pearl

The sun dropped behind a broken finger of stone, and we pedaled on. I crouched over the handlebars and peered into the dark, trying to avoid the patches of loose gravel, sandy ruts and large stones. My five companions were strung along the road ahead like wraiths, sensed only by moonlight on white helmets, tires crunching, and the occasional grunt or muttered curse. We had not planned on this—the Bicycle Africa itinerary didn't mention anything about pedaling through the dark savanna—but Africa laughs at plans.

David Moser, our guide, had tried to consider everything in planning our two-week tour of Mali, from the timing of each village's market day, the most colorful time to visit, to the schedule of the riverboat that had carried us and our bicycles down the Niger. But the riverboat had been a half-day late to the dusty river town of Mopti. We could stay overnight, but that would put us another whole day behind, and after two

hazy days on the riverboat we were eager to get out in the open country and do some cycling. So we headed for Songhai—60 km away, with only an hour of daylight remaining. David thought the full moon would be bright enough to ride by, and if the way proved too perilous we could simply camp beside the road. But once the harsh beauty of the savanna had shined from twilight blue to silver and black, sleeping rough seemed less attractive—nothing lighter the suggestion like the dark. We kept riding.

Neil Pearl is a drummer and lyricist for the rock group Rush. His taste for raw, unfiltered adventures developed during the band's concert tours, through the daily challenges of riding his bicycle to work through American and Canadian cities.

*Two weeks on the road
through sun-parched
savanna and
medieval villages*



Bicycle Africa has offered tours since 1983, exploring contrasts and landscapes in many countries, from Tunisia to Zimbabwe, and from Kenya to Senegal. My first trip had been a month-long odyssey through Cameroon, which now stands as one of my richest experiences. At the time, though, it felt more like a grueling ordeal, capped by a harrowing escape through war-torn Chad. But, as many outsiders have discovered, Africa has a way of calling you back.

The following year, I cycled through Togo and Ghana with David, and now I was back a third time, beginning a two-week tour in Mali. Laid back in the intense heat of West Africa, more than half the country is buried under the over-encroaching Sahara. The sea is mainly Sahel, "the border," a belt of parched savanna fringing the desert. Mali is a thirsty land, and sometimes hangs when the sun fails. But the upper reaches of the Niger, the "strong brown god," loop through the northern part of the country, where farmers work their fields and fishermen ply the river with nets and poles. Close get the feeling that life goes on with difficulty, but gravely without despair.

This trip had begun in Bamako, the cap-



italism and the strength of their ancient cultures have allowed the Dogon to endure for centuries without much change. (From left: visiting Dogon country; interview at Songhai, after a long day behind the hoodlums; the author prepares to head down to a village nestled in the hills.)

ital, where the six of us—three from David and myself, three from a California firefighter, a psychiatrist from northern Italy and two sisters, from Seattle and San Francisco—boarded the motorboat for the two-day journey downriver. It was a perfect introduction to the paganism of West African life: singular canoes called *pergers* worked along the shores, men

on the land in hundreds of people crowded along the shore, some wading on or off the boat along a narrow plank, some per wading, others selling fruit, vegetables and everything from cheap watches to baby clothes. A few of the Tsaung people stood out in their costume of beaded-toe sandals—dressed for the desert, but with no caravans to lead. They have begun to

over, and these poolside mansions are becoming like the Mans in East Africa, a colorful smelchman. Progress takes prisoners.

Two nights later, on the dark road to Segou, fatigue was setting in—not to mention hunger. After three hours of macho, anxious cycling, the moon finally illuminated a small sign at the roadside: "Compagnie de Segou de l'Est," pointing down a faint track in the bush. With mingled hope and repulsion, we pedaled into the shadows, sanged by them, jostled by rocks and shudding in the mud. The compound was a thatched shelter on the edge of the lightest village, where we learned our bikes with sighs of deep relief. David performed the inevitable African ritual of

complex art of rituals and symbols. It was one to see why the French anthropologist Marcel Griaule spent 35 years studying the Dogon before publishing his definitive *Conversations with Griaule*. As we pedaled away, our only regret was that we couldn't hope to comprehend it all, and we agreed that the only solution would be another visit—Africa always calls you back.

But a rain collect and makes you pay. Our next two days offered long hours of bad riding through mud, sand, rocks, thorns and fens, and life seemed reduced to a struggle to turn the pedals and find water. But in the way Africa has of rewarding your suffering, we finally arrived at a medieval city sculpted of mud.

Disputed now to prominence in the 13th century when the Empire of Mali brought wealth and refinement to the southern Sahars, and has been little altered

Since then, cycling, we had a prayer to carry in to the next town again. (David would want the record to show that the rest of us talked him into this.) "Forever as before"—about six hours—we were assured, without mentioning that if, say, the motor died in our last old canoe, we would be stranded overnight on a desolate stretch of river with nothing to eat but rice gruel made from river water. These things weren't

"old World," and to public villages more where than any in the American Southwest—because people still live in them, much as they always have. Belated, they are free to our change.

Traditional African life is a cycle endlessly repeated, wheels within wheels. Dry seasons and rains are the larger rhythms in the closed circle of family, traditions, music, love and laughter. In contrast to our Western compulsion to "change the change"—sometimes for improvement, sometimes merely for novelty—in traditional Africa what was once earth and beauty is always earth and beauty. Homes, clothing, art, proverb, dances, religion—even hairstyles, always there is style, a sense of esthetics and protocol in every aspect of life, but there are no "fashions." In the cultural upheaval taking place



From left: passengers scrambling aboard a riverboat on the Niger, Africa's "yellow brown gold"; relaxing on a *perger* as it heads up the Red River; the Grande Mosquée in Djenné, a massive structure of timber-reinforced mud, surrounded by curious local children, one of the *pergers* explains a flat tire; a view across the rooftops of Djenné at sunrise.



polling at each end or snooping to gather in their own. Some carried produce or firewood, others ferried people between the sand-caste villages—adobe cubes and rectangles surrounding the rounded mud center of a mosque. Some villages were more temporary, beehive-shaped huts of woven reeds belonging to the "river people," the *Bois*.

We made several stops, the big boat churning into the muddy bottom and simply dropping its gangplank over the water. People scrambled off and on, shouting and laughing, singing and howling their songs. One *perger* came alongside, heavy with bundles, beans, wheat and babies, and suddenly flipped over—a chorus of shouts as everyone went into the river. But in the African way of helping the bigger family, people on our boat reached down to rescue the bundles, beans, women and babies, and life went on.

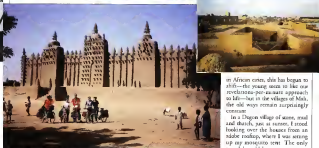
In the larger town of Segou, we learned

drift into the towns, trying to survive by selling their only lasting heritage: the art of dependently polished jewelry, flanged scarves and beaded-leather boots. For centuries, the Tsaung had driven their sand-trains across the Sahara, but trucks were riding

beginning for our food and lodging, and villages maintained with dry scales and big basins of rice and maize, a West African specialty. Two shagreened bicycles around us—no celebrate a local wedding, we were told—as we set up our mosquito nets under the stars.

Segou was our introduction to Dogon country. Like the Tsaung, the Dogon are a colorful smelchman, isolation and the strength of their culture have allowed them to endure for centuries without much change. But the Dogon are tired and concerned, their villages and farms spread along the Bandiagara Escarpment—some built right into the cliffs, like the *Amatou* cliff-dwellings of the American Southwest. Dogon carving is celebrated in the West as among the finest in Africa. Like the art of Renaissance, each detail of a granary door, a mask or a pair in the man's meeting house reflects layers of allegory and a

guide
Bicycle Africa (206-426-6314) organizes six to eight tours a year to various African destinations. Each tour takes two weeks and costs about \$1,495 per person, including lodging, most meals and guide fees but not airfare (bicycles are carried free on most international flights). Participants should be under 65 and capable of cycling an average of 60 km a day on good roads.



since. Riding beneath a huge archway of adobe, we wound through the mud-walled streets to the Grande Mosquée, a massive structure of timber-reinforced mud built in 1905, replacing a smaller mosque that had been used for slave markets until it was replaced in a religious war. The windows were crisscrossed with such eggs, the exposed beams used as scaffolding to reinforce the mud—each year, after the rains.

pleased, but of course they happened. You never see so many people as happy, 23 hours later, to climb on their bicycles and ride.

Mali has no beach resorts or famous game parks, and so attracts few tourists. This is partly why visitors can stroll back in time to medieval towns more true-to-life than anything in the

in African cities, this has begun to shift—the young seem to like our television-per-minute approach to life—but in the villages of Mali, the old ways remain surprisingly constant.

In a Dogon village of stone, mud and thatch, just at sunset, I stood looking over the house from an adobe rooftop, when I was wrong up my mosquito net. The only sound I could hear was continuous—no radio, no TV, no traffic, just the murmur of people talking, from that house over there, that one over there, another behind. As darkness fell, broken only by stars, a few lanterns lit the way round, I climbed down to the courtyard and joined the rest of our group, sitting and talking with some of the villagers. These are the times that call you back to Africa. □

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TOUR IRONS

Great Golf!

Doug Carrick and other homegrown designers are changing the way Canadians play the game

Doug Carrick paid to stand in farmers' fields, knee-deep in cow pies, and imagine a golf course. His is an unusual perspective, derived from training as a landscape architect and golf course designer—not to mention his love of the game. "Where other people see only furrows or crops, he sees the creasing of a furrow, the undulations of a green and the tactical placement of bunkers. If necessary, he can also imagine all of those things while sitting at a desk. Last winter, when southern Ontario was still choked in snow, the 39-year-old Carrick was busy manipulating computer animations of new projects in near-in Arizona, 30 km north of his office, and so far away in Arizona. "We've had this for a year," he says, pointing to the screen. "but we've been so busy lately that we are only just learning what it can do."

That Carrick has new commitments in no sense less. The province abruptly scrapped a 1980s boom in course development, forcing designers to search for smaller jobs—principally renovations and redesigns of existing clubs. Internationally, Canadian design firms are dwarfed by U.S.-based companies headed by the likes

of Jack Nicklaus, Arnold Palmer, Pete Dye and Tom Fazio. And rather than leave the homegrown, some Canadian developers resorted to the late of those name-brand American architects. "Why? The construction of a top-flight course can cost between \$8 million and \$30 million—and big names sell."

But increasingly, designers such as Ken Fisher in Western Canada, Tom McBroom and Carrick in Ontario and Giuliano Gaskie in Montreal have made the case for inside-the-Canada courses. All of them have legends rivalling among the country's top new courses. "Most of the work out there right now is being done by Canadians," McBroom says.

Some of that new work is about to come on screen. Angus Glen Golf Club in Markham, Ont., is expected to open this spring, and it may well be the course that makes Carrick a clubhouse hole name. If

nothing else, it is certain to get the attention of magazines such as *Golf Digest*, which usually ranks courses. Early reviews by golf insiders suggest this the sprawling, 7,280-yard Angus Glen will tie for *Golf Digest's* coveted best-new-Canadian-course title.

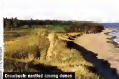
The irony is that Carrick nearly didn't get the job. The course was the dream of the late businessman Art Sackley, who introduced a variety of failures in 1991 and 1992, including some high-powered Americans. "We had talked to Bob Capps and the Nicklaus Group," says Don McIntyre, vice president of development for Angus Glen. "But then we asked Doug to make a submission, and we totally jelled." The fact that Carrick lived nearby and could oversee the \$10-million project was important, but there was something else. "We had a great piece of property to work with," says McIntyre, "and Doug is a real asset."

Ron Whitten, architecture editor for *Golf Digest*, is well aware of Carrick's work. Two of Carrick's courses have already finished in the publication's Canadian top three in recent years. "I submit what Doug is doing unorthodox," says Whitten. "It is very traditional, even simple, in its presentation." But unorthodox alone will not win any rankings. Angus Glen faces some competition from other new entries—including a new Jack Nicklaus design in Windsor, B.C., and McBroom's new ocean course at Moss Tremblant, Que.

Carrick, a quiet, modest Toronto native, possesses a distinguished course-

THE TOP 10 NEW PUBLIC COURSES

Over the past four years, Canada has been blessed with a string of challenging new public golf courses. In part, that's because the succession forced developers of some recently completed private clubs to open their put shapes to greens for players. But course-builders are also beginning to recognize that new golfers in Canada are public-course players. Here, *Arena's* informal selection of the 10 best new layouts



Courtesy: modified using photos

destinations, and the Chateau course may be the prize-winning one. Using an exceptional piece of property that made this job all the easier, Trent Jones Jr. created a mountain masterpiece to the tradition of Seaside. Thompson's Jasper and Banff Springs courses.

3 **REDFEATHER HIGHLANDS GOLF CLUB, Burnaby, B.C.**
Architect: Robert Capp & Thomas McIlroy.

1 **THE LINKS AT GARDEN CITY, Mirvix, P.E.I.** Architect: Thomas McIlroy
Opened 1992, 800-273-8227 or 902-981-2105.

The nearest thing in Canada to California's Pebble Beach, Carrick's is nestled among the dunes along P.E.I.'s north shore. The scenery is as vivid from the club to the 18th, a string of beautifully designed holes. On many of the sun and green, players will find the scenic spirit in their face.

2 **CHATEAU WHISTLER GOLF CLUB, Whistler, B.C.** Architect: Robert Trent Jones Jr.
Opened 1992, 804-638-2662.

Whistler has a growing reputation as a hot golf

Opened 1991, 725-785-2311. Perhaps the quintessential Canadian course, the Highlands is cut through a section of the Canadian Shield. There are only a few bunk holes, and a par on any one is well-earned. The short course, as well as black tea, can distract from the experience.

4 **HERITAGE POINTS GOLF AND COUNTRY CLUB, Calgary.** Architect: Ron Galt.
Opened 1992, 403-258-0902.

Heritage Points has three courses and the developer has plans to add just more or make new 18-hole courses. Situated in the Bow River Valley, the course has you about everything, from an old-growth to a hole modelled on the 12th at Augusta National.



Carrick, Angus Glen (left)



5 BIG SKY BOULDER AND COUNTRY CLUB, Pemberton, B.C. Architect: Robert Copp. Opened 1984. 800-880-7600 or 604-954-6100.

In the beautiful Pemberton Valley, 28 arenas mark a Whistler Big Sky playground for high handicappers without adding championship for scratch golfers. And unlike many new courses where developers insist on the use of state-of-the-art, Big Sky encourages players to walk

6 CRYSTAL MOUNTAIN, Teton, Wyo. Architect: Graham Cooke. Opened 1982. 214-477-4230.

The 36-hole development northeast of Bozeman is both challenging and completely different courses. Designed in an old-style layout, uninfused and long, Arroyo is a masterpiece



Big Sky: playground for high handicappers

Continued from page A13 design pedigree. After studying landscape architecture at the University of Toronto and the University of Georgia, he apprenticed under Canadian Robert Robinson, who himself had worked for the dean of Canadian course architects, Stanley Thompson. It was Thompson who built the famous mountain course at Buff and Jasper in the 1920s, and the stunning Capilano Golf Club in West Vancouver. Carrock's respect for his predecessor is reflected in his designs. "I am influenced more by the old classic courses," he says. "That is not meant to slight modern design—that is a lot of good work out there. But I grew up playing on old courses, and I think those designs have a lot to offer."

Some of those old architects—Donald Ross, Alister MacKenzie, Thompson—were well-known in their day. Carrock, by comparison, was an unlikely candidate for celebrity. He is no Mr. Noon when it comes

design in the manner of the Southwest's desert courses—deserts of grass lands surrounded by towering snow-capped and rocky pine forests.

7 TRICKLE CREEK GOLF RESORT, Kimberley, B.C. Architect: Les Parker. Opened 1985. 804-427-0771.

Trickle Creek is a scenic beauty with majestic views of the Purcell Mountains. A scenic layout, it is highlighted by dramatic changes in elevation. Since its debut with drop-off at much as 80 feet, making it a selection of hillsides.

8 STONEY HOLLOW GOLF COURSE, Kelowna, B.C. Architect: Doug Carrock. Opened 1992. 914-427-4634.

Quarry Valley presents the natural beauty of

Scotland and Ireland—open areas of land on which mounds and tall borders of fence give provide surroundings to scoring. Wind, however, is the greatest hazard, there are no trees to slow the steady winds. While the course is well-built, it's not a masterpiece.

9 NIMBLE WOODS GOLF CLUB, Kelowna, B.C. Architect: Michael Hurdston. Opened 1991. 418-676-1033.

The last structure from the 1980s is a solution. Each year a drive and a wedge from Pines International Arena, the course is a drive box by the state of increasing prices. The new Nimble Woods is a strong, rugged style layout. Game and play, variety, amenities to maintain, but do not take any unnecessary expensive things

10 THE LAKES AT QUARRY CREEK, Kelowna, B.C. Architect: Les Parker. Opened 1992. 204-325-1053.

Confronted on the site of a former gravel pit, Quarry Creek consists of two distinct parts. The first seven holes are more traditional, while the final 11 are bordered by massive water bunkers and plenty of water. Aesthetics, therefore, means more than distance. □

arena and built up against the rising Northwest River. "The analogy is firing a grenade that other architects," says Whelan. "And although he makes the land—they all do—it doesn't look that way. He uses broad strokes and soft lines."

Thanks to a \$50,000 piece of software, Carrock and his associate, Les Andrew, can draft and manipulate three-dimensional versions of designs. On the screen these days are two planned private courses: one in Arizona, 30 km north of Phoenix, and the other near Austin, Tex. Frank Stronach, head of nine-hole private club Magna International, commissioned the new designs to be located close to his company's Canadian and European headquarters.

Although another project will see a small oval laid out this spring, Stronach has made it clear that he expects a lot. "He said he wanted to build the best golf course in Arizona," the designer said. "I think we can do that because, finally, there are not too many courses like this." The greater challenge is that the businessman gave him the same standard for Austin. Carrock is under no illusions; he has no such respect for the past or the future and the designers of the past to think he can easily surpass them. "In Canada, that's a tall order," he says. "But, the thought leaves him smiling. □"

on the town

BACK IN THE SADDLE

Lanny McDonald's Calgary

He never had the flair of a Wayne Gretzky or the intensity of a Mario Lemieux. He was just a tough-tough hockey player with a heartiness of a also who missed 346 goals over a 16-year NHL career. But Lanny McDonald also had what in hockey-speak is called heart. An old-fashioned love of the game, McDonald is still remembered fondly in Toronto, where he played from 1973 to 1980. But in Calgary, where his teammates confided him with providing all-important leadership during the Flames' 1989 Stanley Cup victory over the Montreal Canadiens, he is equally revered. And that affection is reciprocated. "Calgary has so much to offer," says McDonald, now 42 and vice-president of marketing for the Flames. "You can head up hiking in the Astoria and in the winter you have the best dog conditions and hills in North America. It's the place where we wanted our kids to grow up."

Among the city's attractions is its varied sight life, from the neon-blighted clubs along Electric Avenue to western bars like Runchana's (3615 Macleod Trail S.), where old cowboys still dance the two-step. And, of course, there are sports bars like Don Cherry's Grapevine (3737 Macleod Trail S.), where this

republic of McDonald with his trademark and mountain still goes the walls. But as a self-described family man, McDonald rarely visits bars any more. He spends most of his off-hours with his wife, Ardiell, and their four children, sharing the two boys to hockey practice

(McDonald helps coach both boys' teams), or taking his daughters to dance lessons or school sporting events. On family outings, they sometimes head to Calgary Park, an amusement park 10 km west of the city, or to the Calgary Zoo on St. George's Island Avenue, where 1,200 animals, the zoo first

opened a 5,000-acre park with life-size dinosaur replicas.

A night out with Ardiell usually means Indian dining. The former

Flames' captain, McDonald, is a former professional athlete who has been in the business since 1973. He is a former professional athlete who has been in the business since 1973. He is a former professional athlete who has been in the business since 1973.

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Donald, of course, leaving the Cup. McDonald still plays hockey on a local league in a team with fellow Flames alumni. They practice once a month at the Olympic stadium. "Whether we have to or not," he jokes. "We get a chance to see each other how fast and how good we really were at one time." A 12-handicap golfer, he also appreciates the city's abundance of public courses—not to mention the chance winds that occasionally allow play in winter.

In 1990, McDonald found the private Canyon Meadows and Glenora Clubs, along with the public Heritage Park course. But his favorite is the Kananaskis Country Golf Course, with two par-72, 18-hole courses in the mountains at least west of Calgary. For McDonald, the equity of the course is only half the attraction. "The other half is the scenery around you, being the ball and watching it fall against the mountain backdrop—when it goes in a straight line, that's it."

When McDonald seems to like him about Calgary, in fact, it is probably to those mountains. He does ("although I don't know if what I do is actually called hiking") and he often takes the family for a day drive out to Banff or Kananaskis. "Sometimes, we're so close to something so magnificent," says McDonald, "we forget that it's right in our own backyards."

McDonald has lived close to that magnificence most of his life. He was born in Hays, a town of 3,000 in central Alberta. And his affection for Calgary began a week of western pride. He has seen some of the best of western life. He has seen some of the best of western life. He has seen some of the best of western life.

Toronto to see the best of western life. He has seen some of the best of western life. He has seen some of the best of western life. He has seen some of the best of western life.

By Mary Nemeth

SPEED SKILLS

How two Canadians became gurus of the world's racing elite

A rolling out of turn fast at Indianapolis Motor Speedway last May, IndyCar driver Scott Goodyear lost control. Since his arrival at the track a few days earlier, the 35-year-old Toronto native had been frustrated by his car's uncharacteristic S-curve. He drove his Lola Ford-Cosworth at a solid pace—too fast, as it turned out. For a car that was having problems logging the road. At 365 km/h, the back end of the car slipped sideways coming out of the right corner. Goodyear, bent pounding frantically, reacted instinctively, jerking the steering wheel to the right to avoid the outside wall. Suddenly, an oversteer ensued by the abrupt manoeuvre pushed the chassis up and spun the car around. Goodyear, hurtling backward, headed towards the infield wall, his locked wheels following white smoke. The wrenching impact demolished his car and injured his back and left leg. "With my experience," Goodyear now confesses, "I should have known better."

To sharpen his reflexes after that accident, Goodyear visited another racing arena—Daytona Beach, Fla., home to the Daytona 500 and, more recently, to two unassuming Canadians with swelling global reputations. As the founders of Human Performance International (HPI), Jacques Dillane and Dan Murai are the gurus of the world's racing elite, with a roster of clients that includes such inquisitive names as Bruce's Nigel Mansell, American Al Unser Jr. and the late Ayrton Senna of Brazil, perhaps the greatest race car driver. Says Goodyear, a loyal HPI client since 1989 and two-time defending champion of the Michigan 500: "It's like going out and buying the best chains and the best razor—you need to have the best of everything. I see this as going out and paying for something that's going to improve the driver."

For \$5,500, physiologist Dillane, 41, and psychologist Murai, 54, put drivers through a two-day mental and physical regimen, followed by a year's worth of consultation. They stress physiological limits, coordination habits, physical skills, visual acuity and overall condition



From left: Goodyear takes a corner at last year's Long Beach Grand Prix; his Lola Ford-Cosworth spins out at coastal during qualifying at the July 500; motor race schools, the beloved car battles toward the infield wall; Dillane (left) and Murai with testing equipment

ing. In one test, drivers shove their shoulders into the shell of an IndyCar equipped with a range of dials that rate around the cockpit at speeds that can be lightning fast. The objective is to punch a button as the steering wheel in the next moment the last bulb flashes. A computer calculates the driver's reflexes in milliseconds. Later, Murai will explain the client's mood. A computer briefly displays a sheet series of numbers, then asks how accurately the driver recalls what he has just seen. Response times provide a measure of his or her ability to register—and process—information on the fly. There are also questions designed to shed light on personality, as part by assessing how the athlete perceives himself when he feels confident or insecure. Murai talks with clients about what he calls "mind-body transduction"—does have a person react think like a champion or become lost. "The body will respond to the images you have in your mind," he says.

It might sound like New Age mumbo, but Dillane, a former McGill University professor, and Murai, who still teaches at McGill, have the evidence and the big names to back it up. About 170 drivers from 18 countries have gone through HPI's program, the firm's offices, located within reaches of the Daytona International Speedway, are lined with autographed rights-by-10s of the world's most famous high-performance drivers. HPI's board of directors includes Mansell, Emerson Fittipaldi, Al Unser Jr., Eddie Cheever, NASCAR triple light Jeff Gordon and Lyn St. James (1992 July 500 rookie of the year).

For all its accolade high-profile attention, HPI has humble beginnings. In 1983, a McGill physio student submitted an assignment to Dillane outlining a proposed conditioning program for race car drivers. Although much work remained to be done, the concept was intriguing. "I took the project and said, 'Let's go climb into this,'"

In July, 1992, the two Canadians took their know-how to Daytona, establishing HPI in a three-story suite with the hospital. According to Dillane, hospital policies and a mounting debt (less than \$1 million but more than \$107 owed HPI's association with the center a year early. Finally, last October, Human Performance International was incorporated with Dillane, Murai, Tulson and St. James as the principals. "I'm excited about it," says Dillane.

So are drivers like Ron Fellows, who races in the Trans Am series. The 35-year-old Toronto resident swears by Dillane and Murai. "I think the world of those guys," says Fellows, who has taken HPI's advice and now rides a stationary bike—his heart pounding at 150 beats per minute—while playing video games to improve his concentration and reflexes. Other Canadian drivers include 19-year-old Greg Moore from Maple Ridge, B.C., a rising star on the Indy Lights circuit, and Toronto resident David Eppich of Formula Atlantic.

Diversification has led HPI to serve members of Canada's men's and women's downhill ski teams and the national wheelchair squad, as well as more than 100 firefighters, police SWAT-team members, sky divers, equestrians, tennis players and equestrians. And Dillane and Murai are currently in negotiations with a Tennessee-based large company to develop a fitness program for its ship captains and pilots. The program is also open to any individual who books in advance and can afford the \$3,500 fee.

The HPI's claim to fame remains its work on behalf of some of the world's fastest men and women. In a sport in which cars can accelerate from zero to 160 km/h in four seconds and reach top speeds of almost 400 km/h, peak performance and reflexes are essential. "If there's an accident and you stop to drink, 'Boy, which way should I go?' you're already part of the accident," says



'The body will respond to the images in your mind'

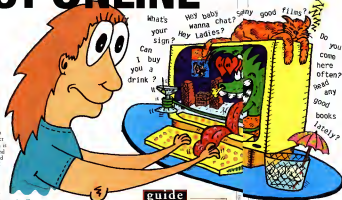
Goodyear, Dillane, a native of Oshawa, Ont. Using borrowed equipment, he and Murai, who grew up in Sault Ste. Marie, later mounted the best sites of several top Formula One drivers—among them Mansell and Nelson Piquet—at the 1984 Montreal Grand Prix. By talking with drivers and coaching them, the professors gradually developed a driver assessment and conditioning program and founded the Master Sport Research Group, a business firm run in those sport times. Eventually, driver Lyn St. James joined Mansell. For some, the mind what the eye and introduced Dillane and Murai to Dr. Michael Tulson, an ophthalmic surgeon affiliated with Depaul's Hahnemann Medical Center.

Goodyear. And physical fitness is only part of the story. Though his association with HPI, Goodyear, who will drive for Honda at this year's Indy 500, has also learned how to warm up his mind before going behind the wheel. "Before the race, I try to go off and find a half-litre to go down and close my eyes and run through the circuit," he says, even Goodyear admits that there are limits to what training can accomplish. "There's nobody in their right mind who will tell you that you have control of the race car going backward at 365 km/h."

By Dan Hawalechuk

One woman's adventures in cyberspace

LUST ONLINE



guide

Live, electronic chat services are available from a growing number of Internet providers and most meet large numbers of on-line services. But they vary widely and are usually billed by the hour. Most services offer a personal-control feature that can be used to prevent use by children.

CompuServe: 800-883-8852
America Online: 800-827-6364
Prodigy: 800-776-3448
3Com: 800-838-0055
Excite: 800-838-0830
eWorld: (Macintosh only). 800-775-4538

do on a Saturday night than talk to a computer screen.

I'm doing my research on CompuServe, one of the many commercial on-line services that are as diverse as the world itself. Several other services also offer chat lines.

America Online, which is said to be popular with a younger, hipper audience, as well as Prodigy, Delphi, Giza and eWorld.

After hooking up a friend's old modem to my Macintosh, loading the CompuServe software onto my hard drive and dialing up the service (a process that took about 10 minutes), I was ready to start chatting on what the service itself refers to as the "CB Sexuality." The first thing I had to do was

I hear a "boing" sound, and a small box pops up on my screen. Displayed on the top of the box is the pseudonym of the person who wants to talk to me. MR. WONDERFUL. Ms. Brunette, some tell me. Mr. A one-on-one conversation. Sure, I type in response. He tells me he's from New York City, and asks what I'm "into." Uh... "what's your sign?" I ask. Well, I'm into S & M, light bondage, and first-level jans, he says. You? Oh, I see. Not really my idea of wonderful, I say. But we talk some more. And I notice the box from my screen.

Sheets. Over the next hour, five more people contact me for private conversations. VERY CUTE GUY says he loves brunettes. STUNNED says he knows if my hair is dark brown or black. At

feels Los Angeles, it is a Disappointment and CHRIS is in Frankfurt.

FLUPPER, a role rep for a pharmaceutical company, isn't exactly staring the world on fire with his intellect, but CHRIS, a bond trader, and it's a wonder, my usually somewhat witty. We talk about being in our 30s and how better some of our friends are about the lack of opportunity for us in today's world. We talk about traveling between the four of us we're pretty much covered the globe. CHRIS tells me he thinks I'm charming and sends me a smile, like that, I write back that he's the least stupid person I've met on this thing. (Lucky does he know that BOFFO and MR. WONDERFUL are his only competitors.) I GO, he writes—Chinapok, I find out, for "laughing out loud."

'I try PARTY CHICK, and within seconds there is a cacophony of "boings" coming from my computer; I suddenly seem to have caught the attention of every drooling, testosterone-charged male in cyberspace'

medium brown. I tell him. Then, he also about the frustration on the rest of my body. Guess. Your heaven?

I click on the "who's here" icon and scroll through the names of everyone who's on CB tonight. There are about 175 people, slightly fewer girls than guys for so it appears from the handles—given the anonymity of the service, you can never be sure. About a third of the handles have some sort of sexual connotation, ranging from the coquettish (FLURRY) to the kinky (I'M GORGEOUS) to the slightly less subtle (HONEY FOR YOU). I log off, thinking that I've been totally blown around looking into his mind, but light of my computer screen, I'm going to ask my lady to have sex tomorrow just down.

Monday, 12:05 A.M.

I've been told the best time to go on CB is between 11 p.m. and 2 a.m., so here I am. On Channel 18, CHRIS, I find FLUPPER is making polite conversation about the weather in their respective home towns. At 12:05, I reappear. Immediately, I get three replies. Mr. Brunette, Welcome Back. Hello there B! I ask where they're all from and find out FLUPPER is

Thursday, 11:15 P.M.

I don't think I'll change my handle. I try PARTY CHICK, and within seconds there is a cacophony of "boings" coming from my computer. I suddenly seem to have caught the attention of every drooling, testosterone-charged male in cyberspace. I move to BRUNETTE and click on it. Channel 17, where GORGEOUS, FIREFIGHTER and GORGEOUS are in a heated debate about American politics. After bawling back and forth for a while, I ask DO what her handle means. It's descriptive, she says. Oh. OK. I type in now... (ps. (which means "gonna"), I reply, for myself.) Oh. We see each other. I'm HUBBLY from Lexington, Ky., who engages us in some surprisingly serious discussion about some legislation President Clinton has recently sent up to Capitol Hill.

Suddenly, amid talk of mountain tops and weathers, we are interrupted by STEVE, who boldly asks, Where are all the guys? I want to talk to a girl. I advise him to choose another channel. But seconds later, I get a one-on-one message from STEVE. What do I look like? he asks. I tell him he's fat. Lame to be liked by STEVE's eloquence I decide to humor him

for a while. Yeah, I'm screaming. I'm 5'7", 120 lb., 36-26-36, green eyes, long, lustrous auburn hair and, gosh, pretty big. So I'm a little... my eyes are kind of hood, not green." **WTF?!** **WTF?!** exclaims STEVE. You are pretty.

STEVE is calling from Cairo, and when I try to tickle his fancy here with a few jokes, he responds, *Leave this to me, my boy. I do not want to get in a verbal tangle on, STEVE.* I say, eager to get back to the discussion of finding cars to film. I move to ask you all now KILNITTEL, and hear you never wish delay. Oops. STEVE has inadvertently keyed a message meant for me into the open-lab box, so it can be read by everyone on the channel. *My child, you know me at the other end, my QZMG, I'm KILN.* (yelling on the floor, laughing)

'If I ever actually become aroused looking into the cold, blue light of my computer screen, I'm going to ask my family to have me humanely put down'

WEDNESDAY, MIDNIGHT

While having a couple of beers with my friends, I tell them about the characters I've seen on CB. We discuss the concept of "meeting" people without having any idea who they are or what they look like. The anonymity is fascinating, and strangely liberating. I think it's the perfect 1990 solution to messy relationships: it's clean, anonymous and no one has to risk anything. Being a woman on CB is, in an odd way, an easy feat: when you can put the person down your drawing board, there are some fairly neutral-sounding, quick-witted guys out there who seem inclined to talk to a bright, open-minded woman.

I'm feeling sort of thoughtful tonight, and after I get home and log on, I scroll down the "who's here" list looking for someone with an intellectual-sounding handle. I find someone called WILLIAM FAULKNER and send him a message, asking him if he likes his nickname's work. He replies that he does, and we chat briefly about *The Sound and the Fury*. He calls me he's married and lives in south-western Canada. He seems fairly normal and somewhat intelligent.

Before long, he starts telling me about

his affairs—some with other women, some with other men. I tell him I'm not judging him, but ask if his wife knows that he's bisexual. He says no, that she'd be crushed. He then asks if I want to meet him—he's going to be in Toronto on business in a couple of weeks. I tell him that I'm seeing someone. He inquires if my boyfriend and I might be interested in "exploring" some things with him. I bid him good night.



FRIDAY 1:30 A.M.

Tonight's are last night on CB. I check out Channel 35, where my people are talking about how strange the CB thing is, how they all originally thought only boys went on it. I used to think so, too.

I switch to a private conversation with a woman named CAROLYN and a

guy who called himself CHUNK. CAROLYN is a 21-year-old Indian veterinary student in Memphis. Yeah, CHUNK (what his name is Chunk, but who is called as himself because he's normally put on a few pounds) is a 28-year-old architecture major from Raleigh, N.C., who—surprise!—was on cable. We discuss relationships and death and politics and sex and pets (CAROLYN's cat keeps walking across the keyboard, concentrating very firmly on gibberish messages) and just about everything else that comes into our minds.

We talk for four hours. CAROLYN mentions how weird it is to feel close to people after talking to them like this—someone whose face you'll never see. We wonder if it would have been as much fun if we'd all met in a bar. We would never have had a conversation like this, she says. CHUNK, five or eight, I say, it would have been really hard and polite and interesting.

We talk a lot more and start our own little chat room. I am LOL and I am up and go as hard my face is burning. It's now 5 a.m. and I say we should probably call it a night. I tell them I can afford the \$6.80 an hour it costs to talk on the CB any more, and will be giving it up as of tomorrow. Give us, then, here about we all start again for our next conversation before you know it. I'm surprised. CHUNK, I ask him to e-mail me with a date and time, and promise I'll be there.

And I probably will. □

style

THE SAVILE ROW SUIT

London's bespoke tailors stand on guard for tradition

Bad enough that England's national soccer team failed even to qualify for last year's World Cup in the space the English dreamed. Or that the great who run for the Royal Family have chosen to conduct their "Win of the Posen" in the pages of London's tabloids. But now, the producers of the new James Bond film are talking about putting 007 in an Armani suit.

The island really is sinking. Dressing Bond as an Italian out in the making him to be a maniac (alloyed shaker), or casting Bond's young Pamela Anderson as a Bond girl—colleges if you must but, please, no bubbleheads. These things mustn't happen. Sadly, many designers and commentators have recently felt the need to smother the rampant state of British style—a condition *Sunday Times* would credit A. G. Gill called "the slopping of our wardrobe." Gill composed a photograph of Churchill's wartime cabinet with a group shot of the current crop of ministers, concluding that the new *Tony Blair* "are the sort of men and women our grandfathers would have held to be the trademark of a nation."

If the barons are almost made the gas, the last bit of defiance may well be the bespoke suits of Savile Row, who still regard themselves as custodians of England's traditional fashion values. (The British club may come up for questioning, but I do not believe the suit is dead.) says Robert Grove from his office on the floor line, at No. 1 Savile Row in London's very Mayfair district. Grove is vice-chairman of Groves & Hawkes Ltd. G. H. is based in an 18th-century grand old house of the firm's late Mr. Grove. The company itself was founded in 1765 and, as an outfit for the Royal Navy, sent Lord Horatio Nelson off to Trafalgar in one of its uniforms. A month later, Nelson was dead from a sniper's bullet, but that didn't hurt the company's successful diversification into civilian suit-making. It has sailed through every fashion squall since.

"These are fussy things you can do with cloth," says Grove. "Designers' style and color, but every 'locally made' look is just another expression of what has gone before." To prove his point, he flips through a weathered copy of his company's 1902 red-cover catalogue, showing that the powdered ruffs that it then advertised would hardly look out of place today.



Grove's cash suit comes in a limited edition of one

eye of a German bombing run in 1950). That service is the reason a Savile Row bespoke suit will run anywhere from about \$2,300 to \$4,000.

And that probably explains why bespoke suits were once handed down from father to son, another tradition that has faded as suits increasingly are made from more fashionable lightweight—and less durable—fabrics. Grove recognizes the need to make changes. This year, he has introduced a collection of suits that wear—a clear attempt to lure younger customers to Savile Row. And he admits that today's British suits won't look foolish with a cell phone tucked into an inside pocket, but he is not about to rent his back on tradition.

"The recent cut is eminently British," he argues. "And every facet of the suit has a story. The vest was born from the tendency of the English gentleman to spend as much time on his home riding horses as his office. All the buttons you see were once sliding buttons. Even the buttons on the cuffs were put there to allow professionals, such as doctors, to roll up their sleeves for work without being read by exposing their shirt." He sounds so proud, so proud, so proud English, that it seems childish to ask why no one thought to try to design something a little more halfway-out for Nelson. "Perhaps we slipped up there a bit," says Grove with a smile. "But he looked pretty smart." □

By Bruce Wallace

World NOTES



GAIL THOMPSON/REUTERS

DEATH IN SINGAPORE

The Philippines downgraded relations with Singapore over its execution of a Filipino maid convicted of double murder, and President Fidel Ramos said he would sever ties altogether if an inquiry he established finds she was a victim of injustice. Demonstrations in Manila claimed that Flor Contemplacion, 42, was coerced into confessing to killing another Filipino maid and drowning a three-year-old Singaporean boy in 1991. But Philippine diplomats who visited Contemplacion in prison say she admitted the crime.

DOWN TO EARTH

Setting a new record, Russian cosmonaut Valery Polyakov returned to Earth after 438 days in space. Polyakov, 52, a medical doctor, lived aboard the orbiting space station Mir and studied the effects of long-term weightlessness on the human body.

GULF TENSIONS

On a Monday tour of the Persian Gulf region, U.S. Defense Secretary William Perry urged moderate nations to increase their military preparedness because of a "very substantial buildup" of Iranian military force near the Strait of Hormuz, through which half the world's oil is shipped. Perry said Iran had placed 8,000 troops, chemical weapons and missile modules at the mouth of the Gulf.

RIGHTING AN OLD WRONG

Chinese-Canadians lauded it as a triumph of the United Nations Human Rights Commission over Ottawa's refusal to compensate them for a "head tax" levied only on Chinese immigrants between 1885 and 1923.

KATO TAKES THE STAND

In three days of testimony, G.J. Simpson's former houseguest Elmer (Kato) Kaelin provided fodder for both prosecution and defense lawyers in the former football pro's double-murder trial in Los Angeles. Kaelin, 32, pleaded to prosecutor Marcia Clark that Simpson may have been motivated by jealousy in providing her with free accommodation, and acknowledged he could not account for the defendant's whereabouts in the 65 minutes during which she says Simpson killed his wife, Nicole Brown Simpson, and her friend Ronald. Kaelin had been traveling to movie into a condominium with Nicole, although he said they never had a sexual relationship. To defense counsel Robert Shapiro, Kaelin portrayed Simpson as a loving father who had resigned himself to the breakup of his marriage.



BACK TO SOUTH AFRICA: Queen Elizabeth II attended a church service in Cape Town with Archbishop Desmond Tutu (left) and President Nelson Mandela during her first visit to South Africa since pre-apartheid times in 1947, as a 81-year-old process she encountered cheering crowds throughout the country as South Africa welcomed her six-day visit as a new sign of their nation's acceptance by the world community. It also briefly diverted attention from internal problems, including the legal battles of Winnie Mandela, the president's estranged wife who is fighting allegations of corruption and fraud. Last week, she won a court battle to have a police search of her mansion and offices declared illegal.

Turkey faces the Kurds

Rising protests from European and North American allies, Turkey sent 35,000 troops into northern Iraq to stop Kurdish guerrillas from using bases there to attack Turkish targets. Prime Minister Tansu Ciller said the troops were under strict orders not to harm Iraq. Kurdish claims that Turkish attacks and they would stay as long as a better some or other form of protection is established to stop guerrilla incursions. Kurdish rebels have been waging a guerrilla war for independence in southeastern Turkey for a decade.

Turkey's unilateral action provoked a swift reaction. European Union foreign ministers warned Turkey that its relations with European

allies would deteriorate if it did not withdraw. In Ottawa, Christian Stewart, secretary of state for foreign affairs, told the Conservatives that Canada has urged the Turks to set up a dialogue with the Kurds.

For her part, Ciller called for an international solution to prevent the rebels from exploiting the borderlands that has provided to northern Iraq since the Saddam Hussein regime was expelled from the region in the Gulf War of 1991. "This is not our making," she said. "If we do not want the Turkish soldiers to be there to protect our innocent people, then we have to come up with an international solution to the problem."

Canada's railways have a long and interrupted history—so much so, in fact, that the construction of a transcontinental railway in the 1880s has been likened to the status of a national dream. But for the railways who currently run CP Rail, CN Rail and Via Rail, that dream has become a costly nightmare. Because so many of the conditions built into railway labor contracts are rooted in the past, company managers contend that their ability to compete has been critically compromised. They point out, for example, that they are required to maintain separate crews for the repair of wooden and concrete bridges. Under the same rules, three skilled technicians are required to change a windblown super on a locomotive. And those contractual terms, along with an employment security clause that gives out workers a full salary and retirement age if they lose their jobs under certain circumstances, are at the heart of a union-management dispute that shut down most of the country's rail system beginning on March 15. "We need to operate more efficiently" and CP Rail president Robert Ritchie. "We need to reduce the number of employees we have."



Through-Europe stations promote new international rail travel.

OFF THE RAILS

While the two sides in the rail strike remained at loggerheads last week, the government moved quickly to end the dispute. But as the cost of the strike mounted in thousands of railway commuters in Montreal and Toronto used the week using alternate means of transportation, the Opposition Bloc Quebec, led by New Democratic MP, used procedural rules to delay the passage of back-to-work legislation. That prompted the government to schedule a rare weekend sitting of Parliament—only the fourth in the past 35 years—to pass the legislation. MPs were poised to give the legislation final reading on Sunday with the Senate to follow by Sunday night. As a result, the strikers were expected to be back on the job as early as Monday, with trains to start running again by midweek. Liberal and Reform MPs combined against Bloc members to limit debate and speed the bill through. "They don't give a damn about Canada," Transport Minister Douglas Young said about the Bloc MPs. "They hate Canada."

Debate also was spirited about the cost of the strike to the Canadian economy. Some economists estimated that the weekly bill would hit \$5 billion, while others argued that the costs would be minimal. Saul Robert

Parham, an economic forecaster with the consulting company IRI Canada: "Two weeks into now, it will look like it never occurred." Most agreed, however, that a strike that lasted more than seven to 10 days would do serious damage to the economy, particularly if it began to disrupt exports of manufactured goods, which have led the current economic recovery.

But whatever the ultimate cost of the service disruption, its impact was felt immediately from coast to coast. Activity at ports in Vancouver and Halifax slowed sharply. Shipments of grain from Prairie provinces virtually stopped. Auto plants in Great Canada were left scrambling for supplies. And in a few cases, workers were sent home because their employers could not continue operating without regular rail deliveries. The most prominent case was Ford Motor Co. of Canada Ltd., which closed its assembly plant in St. Thomas, Ont., for several days, and switched to holiday shifts at two other Ontario assembly plants.

The shutdown also touched off a messy spat among union leaders. Bill Blundie Hargrove, president of the



Canadian Auto Workers (CAW), which represents about 20,000 workers at CN, CP Rail and Via, contends that the unions had agreed among themselves that they would restrict any work stoppages to CP Rail—and that no action would be taken until March 15. He added that the agreement began to unravel on March 8 when the Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees (BMEWE), whose members are responsible for maintaining the tracks, began a series of one-day rotating strikes against CP Rail. The company responded by locking out the BMEWE. Then, on March 18, the strikers announced a strike against CN, that afternoon two other unions walked out. The dispute quickly erupted the entire rail system.

Union politics aside, for most of the 35,000 unionized employees at the three companies, the workdays have been both frustrating

and frustrating. Although several union leaders have settled with CP Rail, a large majority of the railway workers have been without contracts since their previous two-year agreements expired on Dec. 31, 1991. Although negotiations have dragged to close the fall of 1993, many union leaders complain that the companies have refused to budge and were simply trying to expose a settlement.

The Liberals' budgetary legislation provides for three-year contracts to new negotiable between each company and its unions. The companies will comprise a government-named chairman as well as representatives selected by the companies and the unions. Initially, they will act as mediators, but they have the power to impose settlements if the participants cannot reach agreements within 70 days. "Going to arbitration is an automatic loss for us," says Hargrove. "These issues are too complex to have someone from outside make the decision for us."

The principal issue dividing labor and management is employment security, which the railways granted to their workers in 1985. In exchange, the workers reduced

their demands for salary increases and changes in workplace rules. The provision protects employees with at least eight years' service whose positions are abolished because of technological, operational or organizational changes introduced by the company. Under these circumstances, they are entitled to full wages and benefits and they are eligible to collect their pensions, although they must be willing to accept other work within the company within specified geographical areas. Union leaders insist that the companies are exaggerating the cost of employment security, and they point out that the railways have collectively reduced their workforces by about 20,000 employees—mostly through attrition, early retirements and buyouts—since employment security was first legislated.

The unions say that very few of their members are actually sitting around collecting employment security benefits. Bill Roberts, a 30-year-old CN worker from Belleville, Ont., was involved in the dispute when his position disappeared last July. A member of the IAMW, he joined the company 12 years ago and had worked as a supervisor in the Belton district, which stretches from Cornwall to Ottawa. But after his position disappeared, the company offered him another job in Toronto if he had refused, he might have lost his benefits. Roberts, who has two children aged 4 and 8, now works at a CN yard in Toronto five days a week, staying with family members, and remains bitter on weekends. "I I lose my employment security, I don't have a job, period," says Roberts. "I'd be sitting at home hoping to God I could get a new road job with the railway."

On the other hand, senior railway executives insist that they need significant modifications to the customer clause as part of an ongoing effort to reduce their operating costs. Terry Lincoln, CN Rail's assistant vice-president of labor relations, says that 800 employees will collect a total of about \$25 million in employment security benefits this year. For his part, CP Rail's Ritchie notes that the company is protecting such benefits to about 300 workers in Montreal alone—some of whom have exercised their right to refuse jobs with CP in Alberta. "We have to hire and train recruits in Calgary while people sit at home doing nothing in Montreal," says Ritchie. "This clause never should have been put in place."

According to Ritchie, it was Ottawa's ownership of CN that originally led to the clause's introduction. The Crown corporation, he said, was the first employer in

A bitter dispute over job security shuts down Canada's railways

the industry to settle with its workers in 1985, and created a precedent by going in to the annual demands for employment security. Ritchie said that CH had had little choice but to grant its workers the same protection. If it had refused, he added, the company would have faced a national strike followed by back-to-work legislation and, possibly, an arbitrated settlement that included employment security.

The other critical issue with the agents—at least for railway managers—is workplace flexibility. Senior executives argue that many of the rules dating which trades can perform which jobs date back to the days of steam locomotives. As a result, simple tasks that could be performed by one person or machine frequently require several skilled tradesmen. Lashier notes that in CH repair shops the thickness of a piece of metal determines which trade handles it, a sheet-metal worker is required if the metal is as thick as a door, a carman takes over if it is equivalent to a quarter and a boiler-maker steps in if the metal is as thick as a lance. "We want to get rid of these antiquated rules," declared Ritchie.

While CTA's rail operations have generated strong profits in spite of the past 10 years, CH's record has been much less consistent. Nevertheless, both companies are trying to reduce their costs because they face much stronger competitors in more deregulated American railways and trucking companies. In addition, on his February budget Finance Minister Paul Martin announced that Ottawa intends to privatize CH. "Canadian National quite clearly wants to decrease costs very substantially before it can become a candidate for privatization," says John Heide, director of the University of Manitoba's Transport Institute.

Ritchie adds that if Canadian railways fail to bring their costs into line with competing U.S. companies, they will suffer a decline in freight volume, important cars and container goods from Asia, for example, could be transported from the West Coast to Central and Eastern Canada on U.S. lines. As it stands, he says, rail workers in Canada are substantially less productive than their American counterparts because they serve lower customer speeds over a wider area. And, Heide notes, Canadian railways pay higher rates than their U.S. competitors, amounting to a difference of about \$5 for every \$100 of revenue received. "Those factors help to explain why operating expenses for Canadian railways total about 60 per cent of revenues, compared with about 50 per cent for the most profitable U.S. lines," says Heide. "The railways' complaint that they're gunned compared with the U.S. railways is absolutely true." No matter what type of settlement emerges from arbitration, coming a railway in Canada is likely to pay less well than a second dream—for the foreseeable future at least.

DANIEL JENNIS



Mexican aide: Godwin left/CH the peso's fall cut Lashier's stake in Fomento Mexicano brewery

Pounded by the peso's fall

Peter Godwin has a warm spot for Mexico. The chairman and chief executive of the Bank of Nova Scotia and his wife honeymooned there in 1963. In 1986, the bank owned \$122 million for a five-per-cent stake in the country's fourth-largest bank, 327-branch Grupo Financiero Interatl. That deal looked golden, as the warms after glow of last year's North American Free Trade Agreement. But last week, Godwin estimated that Mexico's recent loss of financial and political stability had touched as much as 60 per cent from the value of the Interatl holding. After Mexico devalued its peso in late December, Godwin travelled to Mexico to discuss the situation with his colleagues and partners there. And last week, a team of six Scotia bankers visited Interatl's Mexico City head office to prepare a detailed follow-up report for the chairman. By this fall, he says, Scotiabank will choose between its holding on its current Mexican investment—or writing off the Interatl stake altogether. But Godwin, who managed to keep three bank branches open in Haiti through last year's political tur-

moil, insists that he is agnostic about Mexico's prospects. "Our history has been to stick around through thick and thin. If you go in and out of a market with such frequency, you soon have no operations left," he said. That sage counsel is being other Canadian executives and investors rushed to Mexico through direct holdings, stocks or mutual fund assets. The recent turmoil made the first major setback in a meeting two-way trade relations. Mexicans exported \$4.5 billion worth of goods to Canada in 1986, up from \$1.7 billion in 1980. In turn, Canadian investors shipped \$1 billion worth of goods north last year, up from exports of \$143 million in 1980. But that flourishing relationship may have suffered a substantial setback. For one thing, Mexican companies and consumers now have less money with which to buy imported goods. There is the devaluation in December, it took 347 pesos to buy one U.S. dollar. Now, the exchange is seven pesos to the dollar. Meanwhile, the Mexican government's austerity program—a combination of wage and price controls, international financial aid

higher interest rates put in place since early January—has pushed domestic interest rates up to 40 per cent from around 15 per cent. Godwin says projects that Mexico's gross domestic product will shrink by a total two per cent in 1987. That is a sharp turnaround from the 5.4 per cent projections of last year's economic growth. Over six months ago, Mexican President Ernesto Zedillo's financial views are further complicated by continued battles between government forces and Zapatista rebels, as well as the shock waves generated by criminal attempts against relatives of former Mexican president Carlos Salinas de Gortari. Rosalind Wilson, a partner in Kitchener, Ont.-based Lashier Consulting, which advises Canadian companies doing business in Mexico, says the turmoil of the past two months has "shaken out the companies that aren't committed to the market."

The shock in Mexico has already damaged Canadian balance sheets. Brewster John Lashier Ltd. of Toronto paid \$720 million last July for a 20-per-cent stake in Fomento Mexicano, Mexico's second-largest beer producer. When it wrote down the Fomento investment by \$225 million last month, Lashier admitted that it paid too much for its stake in the maker of the popular Dos Equis beer. The fallout continued when Canadian Board of

ing Strategy downgraded its opinion of Lashier's corporate debt to negative from stable, a fall reflecting not only a loss of value. Still, Lashier has an option to buy an additional eight per cent of the Mexican brewery over the next three years. The company's executives have made for stable value. Lashier, Paul, says it has not decided whether to increase the stake. "We were disappointed by the peso devaluation, but we are still working with our Mexican partners to develop our relationship."

The Mexican financial crisis has also created a hurdle for a financial comeback attempt by the once powerful Richardson family of Toronto. In June, 2004, Richardson International Ltd. in a major partnership led by Paul Richardson and billionaire currency speculator George Soros of New York City, announced plans for their separate Mexican projects worth a total of \$17 billion. Those plans included a 30-story office tower in Mexico City's financial district and a \$700-million, 14-building redevelopment of the Mexican capital's Santa Fe neighborhood, which was devastated by an earth quake in 1985. Those ventures would have needed Richardson's first major venture in the real estate world in the 1980s, when he founded his family's Chicago & York Development Ltd. of Toronto.

Although Richardson International's Mexican plans are now on hold, the firm is not pulling out of the country, according to Vinny Kaporos, the firm's executive vice-president for Mexico. While investments in land, design and permits still lie, Richardson is trying to find lenders for its Santa Fe project, although Kaporos says his company is not willing to make firm lending commitments. "The biggest problem is that you can't plan," Kaporos says. "You can make plans, but they might not be valid the next day."

To avoid that element of uncertainty, Lashier Waste Systems Inc. of Burlington, Ont., has put an hold its bid for a solid waste disposal contract in the Mexican state of Morelos, but according to Ron Poland, Lashier's vice-pres-

Mexico's woes give Canadian brewers and bankers a financial hangover

ident for strategic planning and analysis, the company is still bullish on Mexico's long-term prospects and despite the peso devaluation will continue to pursue opportunities in the country.

Expanded financial uncertainty is also changing the way Mexicans view the success of the business and financial firms are affecting their Canadian partners and suppliers. Hasky Superlatex Molding Systems Ltd. of Toronto sold millions of dollars' worth of machinery, molds, and robots in Mexico last year, but the peso's dramatic tumble has made its products twice as expensive for Mexican buyers—at the same time as their cost of credit has soared. With the exception of service contracts and parts sales, Hasky's business in Mexico has now come to a standstill. "We haven't closed any new deals this year," says Hasky's Mexico area manager, Francisco Gonzalez. For his part, Northern Telecom marketing consultant Douglas Clark says there have been some "immediate delays" in his company's Mexican projects, although no contracts have been cancelled in the wake of the peso's devaluation. Most of Northern Telecom's largest clients, Clark says, have access to international financing and will not be permanently hurt back by Mexico's exorbitant interest rates and devalued currency. Bank of Nova Scotia's Godwin

adds that Mexican companies have made a swift adjustment to buying supplies in Mexico with pesos, while focusing on sales outside the country that generate foreign currency.

But Canadian investors who may hold Mexican stocks and bonds through Latin America or emerging-market mutual funds, however, Mexico's financial collapse has certainly hit hard. Indeed, total equity mutual funds sold in Canada have dropped an average of 11 per cent in the past six quarters—where Asian funds were also in a lull—while the two funds that invest in Latin American stocks have dropped 27 per cent. Richard Whiting, who runs the \$295-million American Fund for Transatlantic Investment Management Inc. of Toronto, says, "The lesson that investors should learn from Mexico is to have diversity in your emerging-market holdings." But he adds that Canadian investors seem to understand that volatility is inevitable. So far, Trimark has not closed on its investments in its American fund, which has seen its Mexican assets fall from 12 per cent of the fund in late December to just nine per cent by last week.

Professional investors are also adapting to new conditions, moving their Mexican stock exposure over the past three months to companies with assets in U.S. dollars. Trimark's Whiting is holding Mexican steel companies and hotel chains, which profit from a boom in tourism. Very little new mutual fund money, however, is being directed at the Mexican market, instead, fund managers are in on the volatility waiting for a new market of relative stability before releasing their assets. According to Fred Piv, senior vice president at Fidelity Investments Canada Ltd. of Toronto, "The big risk is pulling out of emerging markets completely is not an option," because investors may need to take a longer outlook on these funds than they originally expected, and they should have been looking at a five-year time frame.

Last month, Mexico's short-term \$100-million bond was rated with short letters of full guarantees from the United States, Canada and international financial organizations. In the long run, the \$100-billion North American market, with a population of 380 million consumers, is tied together with trade blocks that were completed by NAFTA. And it is this, according to John Brumalea, chief of the Bank of Nova Scotia's Global on-track, "While Mexico's troubles are serious, there's a professional group of technocrats working at it. If they succeed, they'll be an example to countries everywhere that this isn't beyond repair."

ANDREW WILLIAMS and
SCOTT WATSON/STAFF IN Mexico City

Addressing down

A 100 million in a down market is a lot of money. But for the future, that's not the case. For the future, that's not the case. For the future, that's not the case.



LYNNE MACLENNAN

THE BOTTOM LINE

LYNNE MACLENNAN

down" became the central symbol of the internal process of restructuring. It was a process of restructuring the work place along with the lines. To prove that a company was hard on the New Economy and turned on to the Information Highway, senior executives were required to strip their blazers for cardigans now and then.

After all the sweat of the New Economy was squeezed in under the tight grip of the new and knowledge—rather than the fashion sense—delivered a new world. The new world was strongly reinforced by the ascendancy of young technocrats. It was a world where the old rules of corporate grooming habits and awkward manners have become an integral part of the Microsoft chairman's mystique. It is a world where the old rules of corporate grooming habits and awkward manners have become an integral part of the Microsoft chairman's mystique. It is a world where the old rules of corporate grooming habits and awkward manners have become an integral part of the Microsoft chairman's mystique.



Grooming-dodgy grooming

improved employee morale and productivity, and a new era of the new and knowledge. It was a world where the old rules of corporate grooming habits and awkward manners have become an integral part of the Microsoft chairman's mystique. It is a world where the old rules of corporate grooming habits and awkward manners have become an integral part of the Microsoft chairman's mystique.

The institutionalization of Casual Fridays coincided with—or arguably hastened—a more general slide in the standards of busi-

ness attire. During the recession, a time when many established corporate practices were challenged and changed by the new economy, the city of traditional dress codes also loosened. Greater informality of "dressing down" became the external symbol of the internal process of restructuring. It was a process of restructuring the work place along with the lines. To prove that a company was hard on the New Economy and turned on to the Information Highway, senior executives were required to strip their blazers for cardigans now and then.

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HISTORIC BUDGET

Newfoundland tabled a balanced budget for the first time since 1981. The budget, which projects a \$1-billion surplus for 1995-1996, introduces no new taxes or tax increases. Finance Minister Winston Baker also announced a three-per-cent cut in operating spending and a two-per-cent cut in grants to Memorial University, Newfoundland's only university. Newfoundland still has a \$6-billion debt, which is among the highest per capita in Canada.

INFLATION JUMPS

Partially blaming the higher costs of food, fuel, mortgages, auto insurance and health care, Statistics Canada said the annual inflation rate jumped to 5.8 per cent in March from 5.5 per cent in January. But the main reason for the higher rate was that the latest 12-month figure did not include the February 1994 reduction in cigarette taxes.

CARTEL WARNING

Cable television executives urged the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission to get tough on alleged anti-competitive behavior by telephone companies. At a hearing last week, they also asked the CRTC to bring the telephone companies' entry into the cable business and cable companies are able to compete in the local telephone market. Said Ted Rogers, president and chief executive officer of Rogers Communications Inc., the country's largest cable operator: "If we're not in business and they're in both, we're lost."

BOOK MERGER APPROVED

The Federal Bureau of Competition Policy gave the green light to the merger of Canada's two biggest book retailers, SmithsBooks and Coles Bookstores Ltd., both based in Toronto. The move was cited by newspaper publisher Southam Inc. The merger will create a 400-store chain with annual sales of \$340 million and about 30 per cent of the \$1.2-billion retail book market. The bureau said it will scrutinize the new company's operations for signs of anti-competitive behavior for three years.

PENSION PERFORMANCE SLIDES

About 78 per cent of Canada's pooled equity and balanced pension plans posted a negative return on investment in 1994. According to a survey conducted by consulting firm William M. Mercer Ltd. of Toronto, the median Canadian equity fund return was minus 1.07 per cent, compared with a 0.15-per-cent loss in the Toronto Stock Exchange 300 composite index.

Business

NOTES

Export overdrive

Canada sustained its record-setting export performance in January as exporters shipped 6.2 per cent over the December total to a record \$22.5 billion, principally because of strong U.S. demand for cars and truck shipments and healthy worldwide demand for Canadian industrial and forest products, along with agricultural products such as wheat, vegetables like asparagus and copper. Compared with January 1994, Canadian exports were up a healthy 4.2 per cent. Statistics Canada also reported that

January imports rose five per cent to \$20.1 billion, creating a record trade surplus of \$2.4 billion. (By contrast, the United States recorded a record \$17-billion trade deficit in January.)

Exports have been a key strength for the national economy in recent months, and have proven a major generator of new jobs and a boost to consumer confidence. One cause of the increased demand on the export decline in the Canadian dollar, which has made Canadian products cheaper when priced in most major foreign currencies. The surging U.S. economy is also lifting the fortunes of Canadian exporters. Auto shipments—destined mainly for the United States—accounted for a third of the increased exports. Total exports to the United States were up 5.2 per cent, while shipments to Europe rose 25 per cent and shipments to Japan rose 11.7 per cent.



Gold for surplus

Bramalea: 'For Sale'

Real estate developer Bramalea Inc. of Toronto is well on its way to selling off its assets and sold to pay creditors. "The more credit we can get, the better off we are," says Bramalea's president, John Bramalea. The company is looking for buyers for its assets, which include Southcentre Mall in Calgary, Toronto's Yorkdale Shopping Centre and Habitat Shopping Centre. Bramalea's valuation of its assets is \$1.2 billion, but it has 2,000 jobs in jeopardy, which Bramalea president Marvin Marshall calls "the tragedy of this whole thing." Bramalea now owes about \$3.5 billion and has assets of \$4.2 billion, and is under court protection from its creditors.

Bramalea and its creditors will be back in court this week to confirm their strategy over the company's future. Marshall said it will be up to these creditors, including Toronto-Dominion Bank, Bank of Montreal and insurance companies, to determine which of Bramalea's properties are sold. Even the real estate and/or any not be enough to ensure the company's survival as a property manager. As of April 1, Bramalea will no longer be able to use rents from profitable properties to

prop up other parts of the operation—a practice that helped it stay afloat in recent weeks. At the request of Bramalea's lenders, an Ontario judge put a "freeze" order on Bramalea's liabilities, forcing the developer to negotiate revenues for each property. Marshall says Bramalea will need to raise at least \$180 million to make up for the shortfall and keep going beyond March 31.

Cyber censors

A U.S. Senate committee approved a measure to impose fines as high as \$100,000 and jail terms of up to two years on anyone who uses a computer network to transmit child pornography, obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy or indecent. Critics complain that the measure, which still requires the approval of the full Senate as well as the House of Representatives, would restrict free speech and would be almost impossible to enforce. But the proposal's sponsor, Nebraska Democrat Jim Exum, said that federal intervention is necessary to protect children from the increasing volume of pornography on the Internet and other on-line services.



Welcome to the world of Suzuki economics

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

Canada's best teacher in a 19-year-old province named David Tsuyoshi Suzuki, whose lectures and broadcasts have turned science from being boring to being fun. Unlike most scientists (he is a graduate of Amherst College in Massachusetts and the University of Chicago, where he collected a Ph.D. and later taught at the University of British Columbia), he is a social activist, at the leading edge of the environmental movement, applying his charm and propaganda skills to fight pollution to all his many fans. Along with his wife, Don (who holds a Ph.D. in comparative literature), Suzuki recently accepted a fellowship to head the search for oil alternatives in the destructive park we're in, and to define the ways we can make the change without a total upheaval in our lives.

What's most interesting about his new directions is that he's almost in no way a economist what he did to science, not only make it more accessible, but turn some of its most sacred precepts upside down and inside out. Suzuki has begun a series of campaigns in Canada to replace the GNP as a measurement of our economic performance with an index called the Genuine Progress Indicator (GPI).

"We do successfully to keep our gross domestic product growing," he told us over lunch recently at a vegetarian restaurant located in the same building as his Vancouver office. "Yet it's a meaningless figure. It just reflects the amount of goods and services sold. Everything else is left, nothing is ever subtracted from it. If, for example, you have a factory that's polluting a river, that adds to the GNP, if people discover that getting sick and negative doctors, lawyers and hospitals, that adds to the GNP as well, as does the amount of money spent by the company to eventually clean up the act."

His point is that such negative activities are counteracting our growth forest, flooding a valley by a step-down or eliminating a living ground by drilling or cutting are treated as

Things have reached a point where money no longer represents anything tangible—it just represents money

income-generating activities, not taking any account of the costs being depleted in the process. A new foundation based in San Francisco called Redefining Progress has launched a similar crusade, setting out clear costs and gains criteria under the GPI. Some examples: unpaid child care, cooking and housecleaning left unaccounted in terms of the GPI are awarded a dollar value based on the cost of hiring someone to do them, and that figure is to the GPI as gross revenues is to the GPI. Each hour is given a dollar value equivalent to a standard hourly wage are also added to the index. Costs under the GPI formula include loss of domestic, mineral extraction and environmental damage, all of which are assigned a replacement dollar value. Using this calculation, America's per capita GPI fell by 62 per cent between 1969 and 1990 although the GNP grew by 35 per cent during the same period.

Add Suzuki: "Economists haven't really grounded in anything of substance, because economics essentially lives in a world they believe is viable. They think that if we ran out of any particular resource, the market will tell us that we can find substitutes. So, economics is fundamentally flawed, because

it's a human construct that for whatever reason the relative value of human contributions."

Another of Suzuki's pet peeves is globalisation. It was recently showing a film north of Toronto, where they happened to be many things. That evening, he went to a local restaurant and noticed they were featuring a spread on "Genuine New Zealand Lamb." He talked to the owner and confessed that it really was cheap to bring lamb all the way from Down Under, instead of buying it from Farmer Brown down the street. "It's absolutely insane," he says, "the way we price things—we don't use energy properly, which makes it (impossible to transport food thousands of miles all over the planet. Studies show that in North America food travels an average of 2,000 miles from where it's grown to where it's consumed, which means that we invest energy in order to obtain food that may ultimately provide lower energy value when it's consumed."

He is equally appalled about what's happened to money. "Things have reached a point where money no longer represents anything tangible—it just represents money," he says. "With a trillion dollars a day coming through the foreign exchanges, you can buy and sell currency without having added anything tangible to the Earth. When the press began to tell, nothing could save it, because the specialists were far more powerful than the government. The same thing happened to the French franc a couple of years ago, and is about to happen to the Canadian dollar. It's a frightening situation when some jerk on the New Street says our dollar is overvalued, it plunges, and he makes a fortune because he sold short."

Although he was attracted along with his Japanese parents during the Second World War, Suzuki celebrates being a Canadian and believes this is the luckiest country on Earth. "In Japan," he proclaims, "Communism was up and running and flooding the whole world had disappeared, except for Canada and 200 miles of its oceans. We still have plenty of resources and an educated workforce to make anything we wanted. We really are the only of the world, because when you apply that criterion to almost any other country—including today's economic giants as Japan and China—they're in serious trouble overnight."

David and Don Suzuki enjoy once a month to their cottage on Quadra, off Vancouver Island, to visit the beaches and enjoy nature. "When you're out there, you feel on the island for 30 years, like they take all the bad residents away to be able to take the approaching winter. There were so many they had to jump over each other and people could hear their thousands of splashes—then you're in a wild and nice place in. Because we came from Vancouver, we're," David Suzuki says, "our baseline is the city and we feel kind of in a rich and wonderful. But we've just banished everything—nature and animals—and without making radical changes within the next 10 years, we're heading for deep trouble."

PEOPLE



Derrek: a wicked and sexy stepmother

BO-DACIOUS RETURN

After starring in the 1979 hit movie *10, 10, 10*, Derrek, who was the sex symbol of the early 1980s, "I was kind of an overwhelming sexual on my life," recalls Derrek, now 35. "That overall, a very positive one. I've whitered I want to go, I get treated like nobody else. I'm treated—things that no amount of money can buy." After 10, Derrek "became her own boss"—producing and starring in three movies directed by her husband, Julia Derrek. *Texas* (the *Man* 1983), *Before* (1984) and *Gladiators* (2004) made the most of Derrek's physical gifts—but were critically panned. "I was going to be exploited anyway," she explains, "so I exploited her." Now, however, Derrek says she has a "basic idea" about what she wants. And she is back to the movies with *Tony* by a comedy filmed in Toronto last year and starring Saturday Night regulars Chris Farley and David Spade in beltinged-out sports comedies. In the movie, which opens on March 31, Derrek has a small part as a wicked—and sexy—stepmother. "I know it would be light and fun and easy," she says. "My biggest problem during filming was how to play a straight face."

A NEW GENERATION

For actor Bruce Hopkins, the opportunity to play a disgraced scientist Simon Krieger in the middle of his movie *Scorched* was too good to pass up. "I've never played a mad scientist before," says Hopkins, whose roles have included the amiable brother, Frank, opposite Mel Gibson's brother Jeff in *The Fabulous Baker*, *Benny*, and *Sally Field's* husband, *Sony*, in *When a Man Falls*. "It was fun for me to get to be a really crazy guy" in *Scorched*, which will kick off pay-TV channel The Movie Network's New Order Limits as it comes during the week of March 27, though go away when *Krieger* takes his work home with him. It is about to prove that there is also in him, he began believing, because he insects from earth found in the soil, only to discover the worst from his own.

There was another adventure in acting in the movie, which was filmed in Vancouver. "I was looking for deep trouble."

Added by SCOTT STREIBER

A CAPTIVE AUDIENCE

She is a kind of Pierre Brindley and Prince Philip, has played for royalty, done seminars and presidential events, now the D. B. Simpson says Canadian classical pianist Lisa Boyd, who currently lives in Los Angeles, says that she was recently looking for an audience in



Derrek: a wicked and sexy stepmother

rehearsal in front of when the jury came to mind. "I just thought that these people could be quite useful," she says. "So I sent them a letter and asked if I could play for them." A few days later, while Boyd was watching the war on the television, she was Judge Lane. He's assistant working to not take date and time. "I looked up on the TV screen and then she was, bent over her desk and whispering to me," laughs Boyd. "It was very odd to be even a small part of what is going on." Boyd, 44, who has 11 albums to her credit, played for the jury at an upcoming coronation on March 4—a good presentation, she says, for her current 20-city Canadian tour to promote her new album, *Classically Yours*. "They were a very appreciative audience—I had a really good time," she says. "I'm not looking up for that long. I would be just what I need. I just that I could release that tension, even for a moment." Truly capturing

FREE AT LAST

He's back! Former heavy weight boxing champion Mike Tyson walked out at the Indiana Youth Center near Indianapolis a free man after serving three years behind bars for raping a 16-year-old beauty pageant contestant, Deborah Washington. Tyson, 35, converted to Islam while



Tyson: back in fighting form

in prison, he emerged wearing an Islamic prayer cap and was greeted by supporters including his personal trainer Don King and boxing legend Muhammad Ali. In a statement, he said: "The very happy to be out and on my way home." Back at his mansion near Vancouver, B.C., Tyson could contemplate resuming his boxing career. He last lost a share of the heavyweight crown in 1990, but friends say he is at his fighting weight of 215 lb and proved far a cage back. The 16-year-old beauty pageant winner, Deborah Washington, 16, was the prize 16-year-old World Boxing Association champion.



Derrek Boyd, Bruce and David Hopkins: a career first

A portrait of the Canadians who won the Second World War and, proud and confident, went on to build the nation

The War Generation

BY ROBERT COLLINS

Even after 50 years—and even more in this special year of remembrance—my generation still maintains time by what we did before, during or after "the war." The Second World War and the 1950s Depression were the pivotal events in our lives. They made us over-80s what we are today.

We were not warlike people, yet over six years 1,086,243 Canadian men and women joined up. For most of us, it seemed right and necessary. Millions more at home worked for the war effort, and worried and worried for people they loved to come back safely. Fourteen thousand died. The rest of us grew up in a hurry even if we had not been tested under fire. "We all had to make decisions," says Arnold Stoopler, 70, of New Westminster, B.C., "and the lives of others depended on those decisions."

Stoopler and his 14 airframe machinics went overseas together late in the war. He served on the Cockburn in the last days of fighting. I went to



Canadian army medic dressing a wound by France; women workers making munitions (below left) in the battle zone and on the home front, growing up in a hurry

Bomber Group in Yorkshire and then to Germany for the first black winter of occupation. Like everyone else in uniform, we went home irreversibly changed and glad to be alive. We had taken a shortcut to adulthood.

At university as veterans' graduates we were unusual students, no sweeter than others, but infinitely more motivated and mature. We challenged and argued with our learned professors identifying some and alarming others. We drank the mandatory millions of beer but, with our British pub training, kept it down and got to class the next morning. We were eager to learn, get on and make up for lost time.

Canada, too, was transformed. It entered the war as a producer of arms and ore and came out as the world's fourth largest supplier of wartime munitions and supplies. Its troops had fought valiantly in every theatre of war. A Canadian woman had gone into the labor force and proved they were as good as men. Canada took a seat at the United Nations without question. (A generation out of the League of Nations had dissolved it.)

"In 1945, no country in the world was more confident than Canada, or had better cause to be," wrote Ralph Allen, a postwar editor at Maclean's, in his book *Genesis by Fire*.

Four years later, Canadian Press reporter Douglas Elton travelled across the land with the new prime minister, Louis St. Laurent. "The country was absolutely glowing," remembers Howe, 74, now an author living in St. Andrews, N.S., and Toronto.

We all shared in that pride and optimism. We expected to live in peace, get a job, get married, raise kids and have a house with a picture window and a basement recreation room. All of that was within reach. Call us Generation L, the Lucky Guys. But after a war and a depression we felt we'd earned some luck.

We found an uneasy peace. The Cold War was a constant high-riding act of life, but we learned to live with it. There was barely a blip in our consciousness, except for those 25,000 Canadians who fought in what is aptly called the "Forgotten war." We rushed straight out of civilian and civilian life into bed, creating the baby boom some six million children born between 1945 and 1960. Over time, most of us got houses with at least one National Housing Act mortgage. Young Depression babies with medical aspirations we didn't expect a house immediately at marriage. The average wage in 1945 was only \$45.00 a week (including only what it earned that year as a beginning reporter on *The London Free Press*). We rented, moved and bought it out in basement apartments.

In 1956, six years and two children after marriage, I bought a \$17,500 bungalow in suburban Toronto with two, a picture window and, yes, a basement rec room built over a winter of sweat, probably and haunted flume. A mortgage started, Jack Rivers, then with Ford's public relations bought his first house with \$1,300 in savings, another \$4,500 from the bank and two mortgages.

"That second mortgage at six per cent damn near did me in," says Brown. GI, retired secretary of the University of Waterloo. "But I paid it off." We knew we could pay our mortgages because jobs were plentiful. By mid-1967, only 4.6 per cent of the 500,000 men and women who had left the armed forces were on unemployment benefits. From 1948 to 1960, the average unemployment rate was 2.9 per cent.

Everywhere, the country was building, discovering, bursting out. St. Lawrence Seaway, Trans-Canada Highway. Toronto adobe; a river of oil at Alberta, shanties at Regina, 8 C. uranium in northern Saskatchewan. Rich at Thompson, Mass., sun ore in the U.S. We updated it all but didn't rush west to it. The American did. The Royal Commission on Canada's Ecological Prospects started in 1967, central of Canada was disappearing out of Canadian hands. Between 1955 and 1965, the land foreign in-



vestment in our country almost doubled to \$31 billion. Nearly three-quarters of it was American. The United States owned 80 per cent of our auto manufacturing. 70 per cent of our oil and coal, 50 per cent of banking and shipping. Our possessions, let it happen by default.

We soaked our money away in overseas bonds and bank interest. Debt was and still is crushing to us. Declaring personal bankruptcy would have been declaration of stupidity and they were not such late as poor. "We never learned to be pragmatic," says Toronto financial planner Barbara McNeill, herself a Depression product.

Credit cards were emerging, but most of us paid the balances in full every month. We bought 3.5 million cars during the decade, but many people, like us, soaked up through a succession of new and hand-out-borrowing checkers until we could pay cash for a new model.

In our attitude towards debt as an access to other ways, those times seem sweetly innocent now. Political correctness insists voting Tory or Liberal is Electionism and not in our lesson. When in 1967 the critic boys at Radio's Spanish castles carry our radio as I travelled the West for Maclean's, I was told, like Early Man discovering fire.

Child or spouse abuse was not talked about. We had discovered fire long during the war, but the pit began a decade away extraordinary was not yet rampant. We were still wrestling with prison penitence. Incest was minor—4,000 to 5,000 a year, triple the rate of the 1950s—but we blamed that on the American influence. Even our crime was relatively benign. A good old-fashioned bank robbery was top news. The best known serial killer was Jack the Ripper. "Swimming" was for boys and "house" was women. We ate tomatoes. We went to the office and drove to work and schools. Open rock shows for men? Slacks for women? Unacceptable. Even our musical idols were suitably correct: Fifteen albums cover all the Diamonds are. The Four Tops never close-out young girls with short haircuts, dark suits, white shirts, neckties and a square tail of handkerchief peeping out from behind a pocket.

We entertained at home, party because it was cheap, partly because, except in outlandish Quebec, there was scarcely a decent dining or drinking establishment from sea to sea. A high old time in Anglo Canada meant a night at the beer parlour where men bunched over sliced-up french fries and hot potato skins. Women, excluded from these world-class, had their own decreasing "Women and Girls" premises. A few teenagers let potatoes long become a brown paper bag and fagot it under the table.

This wasn't good enough for our 1.2 million immigrants as far as women of overseas who had discovered cocktail pubs and wine that wouldn't strike you dead. By 1950, cocktail bars and licensed restaurants had brought Canada kicking and screaming into the 20th century. The newcomers—Czechoslovakia, Poles, Hungarians, the Dutch, Italians, Yugoslavs, Ukrainians, Greeks—also spread our lives with their exotic foods, the like of new accents and their fervent no-protection of the freedoms we took for granted.

But we were still headpressed to find a drink on Sunday, except at corner in Montreal. To many of us Anglos, Montreal with its lively bars, expensive food and moneyly night life was French Canada. Most of us had Quebec friends in the services, but were ignorant of the province's aspirations. We knew Maurice Richard and Les Horvaths, but didn't know that a Quiet Revolution was quietly brewing. In 1958, Pierre Trudeau and



At the celebration in Toronto of the 40th anniversary of the first radio broadcast in Canada, a crowd of 40,000 Canadians cheered and felt that they had earned some luck.

General Feltus launched a new periodical, *Can-Am Open Society*, a genuine forum for democratic change. Their adversary was Premier Maurice Duplessis, the only old dogmat who held Quebec as his fiefdom until his death in 1959. From 1952, the CBC brought television to Canada. Within two years, the no-tan no-alcohol and buy-right in front of one million sets. It was possible. Just as Letterman, *The Howl-Ins 20 Minutes* and the *Graciosa* look show reflect today's values, so did *Don Messer and His Islanders*, *Our Joe* Julian and *Gone with Harvest* laid a mirror to our generation. When Ed Sullivan brought flies to national TV, he ordered the



children to shout the King from the water up, lest his gaudy pelvis drive North America's youth into overbearing education.

U.S. music, however, was efficient. Having no use for its programming, it devoted its own—notably, novelist Roger Lancelyn's *La Fiamme* (1954) probably the best-ever Canadian sitcom, with a laughable following. Sometimes, priests shortened their Wednesday evening services so the faithful could hear Radio's Les Fiamme.

The rest of us wallowed in Jackie Gleason, *I Love Lucy* and Milton Berle—the fledgling CBC TV depended largely on American imports—but we would have happily watched the test pattern. For a while, the three courts of television (radioed our music. Gradually, though, runnings of discourses came from the racks: what was happening in Canadian culture?

Then, we had the Stratford Festival, born in 1953, and some splendid writers and artists. But many of our 1950s stars ultimately migrated to the United States. (Producer) Mervyn Johnson went to Hollywood, singer-inventor Leslie McLean did comedy turns on *The Jack Ruby Show*, jazz-conductor Eugene Forster rode south to become *Tom Cawthart*). A 1952, legal consultation headed by Vincent Massey examined our cultural condition and warned of our increasing dependence on all things American. One outcome was the Canada Council, created in 1957. Early on, the Council rejected some hibernated Jews by modern standards requests for money to build a chain of rest rooms, to write a song about the Quebec earthquake and to develop a new book on bread-making. Next was, our government couldn't get the hang of government assistance. There had been "help" in the Depression, but most of us shunned it. Old Age Security was passed in 1951, for Canada's 40th. And six years later, a federal-provincial health plan paid 50 per cent of specified services. But the Canada Pension Plan,



universal medicare and the vast welfare state were still ahead. We were laid off) distrustful of government promises or government aid. I ask my older clients, "What was the first present?" says financial planner McNeill. "Without exception, 'I want to be sure I'm not a burden on anyone.'"

Not were we obsessed with Self. Throughout the 1950s, I never knew anyone in therapy (although my daughter now tells me, subjective truth, "You all should have been, huh?"). First present? We had a larger child, and, if we'd known, would probably have sent it to bed without supper. But we were not harsh or anything parents. Most of us slouched dependent copies of Dr. Benjamin Spock's *Baby and Child Care*, seeking to induce and soothe and soothe and soothe and soothe. We lavished everything on our kids, willing them to have it even better than we did, and exporting them to be grateful.

So we were baffled and born when the first wave of boomers turned into Satish Flower Children. Why were they rejecting all those good things? Generosity? Values? Why didn't they want to inherit our world with its birth, religious pollution and pension for consumer goods?

I turned out they hadn't a whole lot more to offer. They finally shed their beads and sandals and took straight jobs. But they and we are still lightyears apart. Many of them—better educated, thin, trim, rigorous, concise, surgical tactics and low-key high-tech, dispassionate, marriage deep into their 30s or beyond, carnal mature and sexually aggressive or apathetic—we considered "hookers" didn't want to overtake us like us.

They are equally alienated from Generation X—designated as a late 1950s/1960s sub-subgroup by Vancouver author Douglas Coupland. Here definitions become fuzzy: some say the Xers are really displaced late boomers. (The baby boom ended about

SING DANCE—AND BE WORRIED

In the shadow of the Second World War, Canadians on the home front still found time to let loose. It was the height of the Swing Era. Its driving rhythms, spring from jazz roots in New Orleans, gave men and women a wild-tinged escape from overseas wars. The war era's music superstars were multi-talented guys with big heads behind their: Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Artie Shaw, Duke Ellington, Glenn Miller and Benny Goodman. And it even looked the jobholders of later jazz, people sure could dance to it. Improvisational and free-wheeling, the swing-tapped jitterbug took dance halls by storm. There was the Big Apple in front of every square dance; for eight, the Lady Day for couples, and a duet-and-one other jitterbug variations, including Trucking Preaching and the one-popular boy-4.

At home, radio was the 1950s equivalent of television today. There were 100 popular American programs—the Jack



After bagging wild-eyed respite from overseas wars,

the sophisticated radio dramas of Stage 44 at the west was music, including big band programs from the Paramount Radio of the Hotel Vancouver—where a teenage Juliette, later to be known as "Our Pet, Juliette," got her break as a singer.

At the movies, screen stars de-

picted Hollywood's America as upbeat, chipper—and always up to a challenge. There was James Stewart in *The Philadelphia Story* (1940), Ginger Rogers in *Ritzy* (1941), *Forever Yours* (1941), *Love* (1941), *My Darling Clementine* (1946), *Double Duty* (1946), *Gary Cooper in Sergeant York* (1941), and *Marquetry* (1941) in the day for legend. *Reynolds in the classic 1945 no-nonsense Canadiana*.

But if there were outliers for wartime anxiety, the escapism was not complete. In theaters, hastily produced Hollywood propaganda films brought home the horrors of war—and the looming danger of domestic spies. In Canada, the fledgling National Film Board got in on the act, too, producing two monthly propaganda series, *The World in Action* and *Canada Carries On*. And on the radio, the CBC began scheduled news broadcasts with regular reports about the war—in 1941. Despite the dimensions and the thousands of miles separating Canada from the front lines, the war was never far away.

JOE CHESLEY

1903.) They came of age during the early twenties depression to discover that all the good jobs and houses were gone. They grew chummy with what Coupland calls "boomers too."

Often say 1944, even though most Xers are now in their fifties and sixties, surrounding "Twenty-somethings crowd." One thing's sure: they all regard the atom war of boomers in belated sympathy with, as one U.S. *Twentysomething* put it, "gloriously shifted from Soviet hedonism to lighter nationalism."

The boomers did take that by-ear down in their twenties, one of them described the Xers/ Twenties as a "barless, colorless, colorless mass group."

While the children mobilize, Generation X keeps on doing what it does best: saving money. We're grateful to the point of person. We can't stake that old devil Depression. We don't know how to spend on the boomer scale. (Good Rivers at \$40,000 plan to upgrade the rusty trade-in and lowering said down of Toronto's boom-like wealth excess to us, but we've got a taste of boomer cash.)

The Xers and Twentysomethings, faced with under- or no employment, dwindling social services and a Canada Pension Plan going broke, haven't much use for any generation other than Short of voting as silent as for those off the Labrador coast, they want governments to confiscate more of our sized wealth.

Yet inevitably, they and the boomers stand to inherit from us over the next 15 to 20 years the biggest wealth in Canadian history as much as \$1 trillion, if several governments don't

winkle it away first.

That's because, according to some surveys, the average Canadian household with one or more members over 50 is said to have nearly \$250,000 in assets (including house, RRSPs and various other savings). Prof. Jim Davies, a University of Western Ontario economist and a specialist in family income and wealth, estimates the figure at about \$200,000 today, of which 35 to 40 per cent would be house equity.

The Coalition of Seniors for Social Equity, representing a half-million older Canadians, disputes the "rich-until-cry" line studies show that 47 per cent of Canadians ages 25 to 50 live on less than \$10,000 a

year. That doesn't, of course, address the matter of seniors' assets. But, says Lilian Margeritayan, president of the 180,000-member Canadian Association of Retired Persons, "The vast majority of Canada's seniors had little to do with government's fiscal mismanagement over the last 20 years. There is no reason they should now pay a disproportionate share of the costs."

Generation X paid for the hospitals where younger generations were born, the family allowances spent on their childhood, the



Suburban bliss: even a credit and the largest economic boom in history

schools and universities where they studied. Our main affliction is no having lived through times of high employment, healthy and stable markets and a vibrant stock market—and so watching our dollars, if governments, boomers and the first engaged their

assets as well as we did, the country wouldn't be flailing with bankruptcy.

But maybe there's a huge yet for the younger generation. American business consultant, author and self-styled "con artist" Harry S. Dent Jr. predicts for the rest of the Nineties a boom "unfolding in its entirety, its length and its the brights at reach." If it happens, I suspect that the Twentysomethings—active and less choice or choices as far—would respond with a

greater work ethic and sense of mission than the baby boomers ever did at that age. They might even learn to manage money. In short, they might be a lot like us.

And there's a thought: that will probably ruin their day.

Robert Collins, 70, is a Toronto writer.

GREEN YARDS AND BIG CARS

A man's end, Canadians wanted the security of houses, cars and families, and the government was more than willing to accommodate them. Determined to prevent the deprivation of the Dirty Thirties, the Liberal government of Mackenzie King introduced unemployment insurance and the baby boom. Universal old age security began in 1950 and hospital insurance in 1964. Most vital of all, the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation (CMHC), created in 1945, made it possible for a work wage earner of Canadians to own a home.

Before the war, home ownership was virtually impossible without private resources: the down payment on a house averaged between 30 and 60 per cent, with first-time buyers holding mortgages for the rest. After 1945, a 25-to-30 per cent down payment became standard. Beginning in 1964, banks were allowed to lend money for new homes, effectively reducing maximum down payments to about 10 per cent.

Easier credit and the surge to acquire houses led to the largest economic boom in Canadian history, lasting until the mid-1970s. New housing construction provided widespread employment, and wages began to rise. Most families spent the majority of their earnings—about \$50 a week by the mid-1960s—on consumer goods and vacations. Suburban development, with its rows of often identical bungalows, concentrated on city peripheries. Their lots directly adjacent for large green yards and quiet, safe streets, but it also created the necessity for car ownership. No motor-driven life more and higher costs, backed by an increasingly and low supply of cheap gas, created even more jobs.

By the mid-1970s, however, there were signs of trouble in paradise. Homeowners who became isolated and bored in poorly planned communities helped fuel the women's movement that erupted at the end of the decade. Many children who grew up playing happily in the suburbs became restless teenagers when they discovered that their childhood poor areas were prisons for those without wheels. And the environmental awareness of the mid-1970s preached that North Americans would pay dearly for their reliance on gas-guzzling cars and the destruction of valuable farmland. "In general, people know that we have reached the limits of growth," says Peter Boothroyd, professor of planning at the University of British Columbia. "But the desire for a bigger house and quiet streets are the reasons that they are still moving to the suburbs." Some of the richest people, however, now may have been clear to their downtown neighborhoods, Boothroyd adds. Once a dream of the good life, the suburbs, for many, are now all they can afford.



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War And Remembrance

From Vancouver shipyards to Italian battlefields to Nazi death camps, Canadians recall the war that changed the world



Admiral White and Garty (in inset) sleep changes

We brought him to the surface and opened fire

Richard Adolpho White began a 29-year career as the Royal Canadian Navy's first 26. Born in Victoria, he has been based in Halifax most of his life. He has such his wife, Rosemary, and has four children.

In October 1944, an IMACS Chalcid, we lost his wife's torpedo after an eight-hour battle with a submarine in the Bay of Biscay, off the coast of France and Spain. We were escorting troops to France in a convoy. We were at a distance because there had been a report of German submarines in the area. We detected one with radar. In the end, you very rarely saw the enemy. You fought them by dropping depth charges and hoped to God you got them.

We kept it up for eight hours. We finally brought him up to the surface and we opened fire. Then he started firing at us. The surface vessel kept coming and everybody who could be spared went to their guns. As I was mounting up along the deck to take

over one of the guns, he fired torpedoes at us. One came right at my bow, went underneath and blew up the stern—just missed it up like an accordion. I was very lucky. I got out every boat three when the blow. I had turned my position over to another ship and he disappeared into the air because he was stuck on top of where the explosion was. It would have been me.

Strapped in, the explosion was flying at all directions. I went flying through the air. I had a heavy life jacket on. I bounced off the water and ended up on the deck. Seven were killed and 14 were wounded. It was about 5 o'clock at night and the men were calm. They went over on a 30-degree angle and settled in the water. The submarine dived and disappeared. It didn't come back, thank God. A few hours later, the other ships from the escort picked us up.

It's hard to know at that age what the hell you were fighting for. They were the enemy and you didn't like Hitler and the problem was he was going to conquer the world. I suppose, at first, it's an adventure. I grew up with it.

I thought, wow, is this what I came back to?

Five members of the Garty family from Saint John, N.B., served in the war years during the war. Gerry, the fifth son, was a pilot in Europe, now 70. He lives in Fredericton with his wife, Jean, and has four children. Don, now 77 and living in Toronto with his wife, Cora—they also have four children—served as an air force lieutenant at various Canadian outposts.

Gerry: When I was 10%, I went with my closest friend, Gordie Barras, to see the recruiting officer. We selected air crew. There were 80 or so in my flying course and I came first. I was commissioned as a pilot officer at 18. When I graduated in 1943, I had the word distinction of being Canada's youngest officer.

Four days before wings parade, I was asked to step into the commanding officer's office. The discussion took about 20 minutes. He just wanted to see me. Apparently, he had received a memo

from Ottawa asking: "Are you sure that is the man you selected for commission? It seems headstrong, but more positive of me. The officer was read as hell that such a letter had been written. That's about the only time I had encountered discrimination in the military."

When I was posted to England in 1945, mother sent me a picture of my friend Gordie from the newspaper as my first read. He was the tall gunner on a bomber and he was killed on his first trip. That was my first contact with death. I never cease thoughts of him.

After the war, I applied to live in Canada. There were meetings back and forth, it all looked good. Then, I submitted my photo and answer heard from them again. I thought, "Wow, is this what I came back to?" I didn't find much discrimination in Canada when I was growing up. And I wasn't bitter against air Canada. I opened up an electronics servicing centre. I set up Fredericton's first cable system in 1955. And I started my own charter company.

Don: I joined in May, 1943, because there was a war on and most of my brothers were in the service. I was 16.

Still, guess. My dad and several uncles were in the First World War together. My dad said they had to choose to get a commanding officer, because nobody wanted to command black troops.

The discrimination I ran into was more or less on an individual basis. You'd go on parade, and somebody would check it out to tell me that I was. Or somebody would expect you to sing and dance. You learn how to handle these things, and you change a lot of attitudes. I generally had the support of the command.

After the war, I eventually became a postman. But it was not easy to find a job. I would apply and somebody would tell me it was taken. Or you would look for housing and he told it was taken, and you'd call back moments later and they'd say "No, yes, the place is still open."



STYLING: JANE

'Underwater made from a nylon parachute'

Deby Macdonald, who grew up in London, married a Canadian during the war. Now 69, she lives in Fredericton and has seven living children.

I met my husband making beds. I did volunteer work at one of the Maple Leaf clubs run by the Canadian Red Cross. Some women could go there for sleeping accommodations. Research was in the First Canadian Parachute Battalion. They were the musical boys going. They kept their sentences absolutely unimpaired.

I asked him to help me move the beds and he asked me if I would like to

have made from a nylon parachute my husband got for me. That I had red and white canopies and we were able to hire a car with a white ribbon on it. We had two days together, then he had to be back in camp because they weren't sure when they would be shipped back to Canada. I didn't see him again until I arrived in Halifax in March of 1945.

The Canadian government arranged for all the war brides to come over. I was lucky. My husband was in Halifax to meet me. Our reunion was in one of the big clubs and there were hundreds of people around. We had to get to know each other again, but we clicked. I had a very happy marriage. That's all we had a terrible time. Some found their husbands were living with somebody else.



Gerry Garty wraps

Deby Macdonald on her wedding day, and today's true love



go to the show. We met in August, 1944. He used to get weekend passes, but we really didn't see a lot of each other until he proposed because they were sent over to Europe for the Battle of the Bulge. With most of the war brides, you would be worried how seldom they saw their husbands before they returned. Everything was so well, you didn't know if they were going to be there tomorrow. Ken asked me to marry him in February, 1945. He said, "Would you like to cook for me?" And I said, "What do you want?" And he said, "Well, you know, do you think you like to marry me and come to Canada?"

I was 19 and Ken was 29. Somebody loaned me a dress and a veil. My wedding night and some of my underwear

We ended up moving to Fredericton to the small family home, and I kept house for my father and mother. It was a difficult situation. I had never lived in a house without a bathroom, running water or electricity, and I just went to an out house, a hand pump, oil lamps and wood stoves.

But I never learned anything to do with cows.

Now, here in Fredericton, we have a wonderful group of war brides. I'm helping to organize a trip to England for a bunch of us. We're going over to celebrate V-E Day. We'll talk about going "home" to England, but Canada is home. I wouldn't go back to live in England far away. I have had a wonderful life here.

You lived day to day, checking the papers

After Operation Zero 17 when the boys were moving to the Vancouver shipyards in 1942. Near 70, she is single, has one grown son and lives in Toronto, where she is a manager/therapist.

A friend helped me get a job in the shipyard (on call office—my first job). They had new payroll machines, retired from Remington Rand, and they were running on all three shifts—day, evening and graveyard. It was really busy, with ships coming in and being deamed and new ones going out. Sometimes, we'd work back-to-back shifts and then go across to the grinder shop for breakfast.

I had two brothers in the air force overseas. One of the brothers ended up in a POW camp in Germany. We'd send things through the Red Cross. One of the men who ran the shipyard, Clarence Wallace, arranged to have boxes of chocolate sent to his son. Sugar was rationed, so anything that was sweet was scarce.

I worked at the shipyards until 1945, when

'We were locked in a boxcar, like animals'

Paul-Doris Lemaire arrived with the Mountbatten Royal 23rd Regiment, First Airborne, Canada, R. He was taken prisoner on May 28, 1944, in Monte Cassino, Italy, and missed 11 months later. A school photo shows her, Lemaire, 70, has one child and lives in Peterborough, Ont., with her wife, Doris.

After six months thinking we left Britain for the Île de France with about 1,500 of us on board. Right to England, where we did more training and then we took a boat to Italy. On our way to the front line, there was a guy staying at the track, shaking. I asked the officer, "What is he going to do in the front line?" He's going to be in the way. "It's going to be here," he said. "It's been to the front already. He's going back a second time."

I was on the front line for three or four months. Then, we, Edouard Lemaire and thirty people went to pick up one of our boys who was shot in the leg. But the Germans came around—that was how I was taken prisoner.

Every time the Allies advanced, we had to move the POW camp. We walked in the rain and lay down in the mud. Some of our men tried to run away. They had in a house, but



Christine now and on the job back to back shifts and getting reports.

Remington Rand offered me a job. During the war, I used to take buses to the shipyards and I started working one of the bus drivers. We got rationed in 1939, and our food was here six years later. I kept working until he was home. We lived out in Eagle Harbor—which was a lovely place out in West Vancouver with a beautiful sandy beach. Our house only cost us \$20,000 and we paid \$60 a month for it, which was about all we could afford. Unfortunately, my husband had a drinking problem. He never knocked me around except once. I was

preparing the mail and I said, I was fired. WAF—be hit me right across the face. Of course, he was drunk. We went for counselling but it didn't work. A few months later, I went away to a camp for a week and I never went back.

I think the war taught me not to take life for granted. You lived day to day, checking the papers for word about family or friends. You went to the doctors for the soldiers to understand the troops. There was so much death and pain and accusations when you knew people were missing and you didn't know whether they were alive or dead. The war taught me today is all the fighting that is still going on. We're all part of the same globe—why do we want get started? People always tend to want more than they have.

people once a month from the Red Cross. I was all powder—powdered eggs, powdered milk. There was also tea and cigarettes. No, I didn't smoke, so I'd give the cigarettes to the German guard and he'd bring me some black bread. He got a picture of that guard. He was pretty nice.

We used to go to Munich after breakfast to clean the place up. We'd pick up tips and some. We also saw Jewish people with those striped uniforms. The Germans used to let them go through their rifles. There was no pay at all for them.

I'll never forget that morning when we were freed. It was Easter Sunday, April 29, 1945, and someone yelled that our own planes were coming. We went outside and there they were. Flying in a V. There were bullets flying everywhere because the German civilians wouldn't give up. But the Germans eventually ran them away. I remember walking outside and seeing that big Russian guy with a pig in one hand and a bag loaded in the other. The pig was moving, but he was eating the raw meat.

I wonder sometimes why I kept, why we just so many on both sides paid for so many people who wanted to run the world. But if someone were to ask me to go back again, I would. I belong to The Association of the Royal 23rd Regiment. The association is in a room in a room (I remember) and I do.

FROM CENTRE ICE TO FRONT LINES

After Shilsky played eight seasons in the National Hockey League, and he would have played more had it not been for the war. A letter from the New York Rangers, Shilsky and 12 of his teammates joined the Canadian and American soldiers at Yorkville, 1942. The Rangers were devastated by the loss, falling from first place in the cellar in one year. Shilsky, however, was not entirely out of hockey. Milt Schmidt of Boston's famed Red Line had joined Canada's Air Force the previous year and had led that team's team to the first prize in Canadian amateur hockey. "When I joined the Air Force, we really drove because the Air Force had won the Allan Cup," says Shilsky, now 68 and living in White Rock, B.C. "I got a call from some guy in Ottawa asking if I would join the Army and play for the Canadians." For one season, Shilsky and a couple of his Ranger teammates played—and the



Richard is a writing consultant.

conceded into the ice in 1943. Defectors to the forces depicted the hockey talent pool, and the NHL considered suspending play. But the Canadian government, citing hockey's benefit to morale, convinced the league to continue. The decision proved beneficial to a number of young players who, at their own risk, were sent overseas. These years were particularly difficult for Maurice (Rocky) Richard, who first played for Montreal in 1942 and did not get to win. Richard discovered his hockey suspension and, in 1944-1945, he recorded the league's first 50-point season. When the war in Europe was over, hockey star veterans returned to their teams. Shilsky went straight to the Rangers' camp. "We didn't even have time to go home and see our parents." Six days later, in the season opener against the Maple Leafs in Toronto, the Rangers won and Shilsky was named first star. Then, the team headed a train for Detroit, where Shilsky scored the winner. But he also suffered a serious injury that knocked him out of action for weeks. "We were so out of shape," he recalls, "but it was great to be back."

JAMES DEAN

'They did wrong—we were Canadians, and we were deprived of our lives'

Constance Makin was one of 21,000 Japanese-Canadians who were interned during the war. She was forced to leave her B.C. home in 1942 and worked on a farm between in Manitoba. By 1945, she was allowed to work at a garment factory in Winnipeg, where she stayed until she returned to BC in 1946. Two years later, her husband died, and a few years after that she began working at the Manitoba Japanese Canadian Centre in Winnipeg, where, at 75, she is still active. She has three children.

I was born and raised in Vancouver. I married Francis in the spring of 1941, when I was 20 and he was 26. We had a five-year-old son, Monty Lehman, and at Vancouver. The strawberries were doing well and we were planning to build some house on a hill. But after the bomb on Pearl Harbor in December, we were told we had to go away. 1945, we were told we had to go away.

We came to Manitoba on the train in April, 1942. Our daughter had just been born, and we were travelling with my husband's parents. That night wasn't fit for cows. I was so nervous that my only child, I had to find my daughter could handle it. I just sat there crying and crying.

At first, we went to a sugar beet farm near Lockport, north of Winnipeg, but we only lasted a month. We had to live in a 10-foot by 20-foot boxcar with holes so big you didn't need windows. Lots of the soldiers from the Winnipeg Canadians. The Canadians didn't expect when the Japanese bombed Hong Kong in December, 1941, were from that area. Their families used to drive out to see what Japanese tanks looked like. They wanted to see it there.

Eventually, they let us live in the city where my husband and I had got jobs. We worked in a laundry, and I got a job in a garment factory. By then, I had another child. One day on the street car, a man said: "Hey, you Japanese women, get off the street car." I said, "I have to go to work." He said: "You get off." I just got



Makin and her family lived in the boxcar.

more people like that and didn't ask to leave. We lost everything—our land, our house. The government said it and we didn't get any thing. They did wrong, because we were good citizens. We were deprived of our lives. When our children got older, they wanted to know why we didn't fight to keep our home. We figured what the sense of complaining when it's all passed. But deep down, I feel bitter about the way we were treated. What I went through, nobody realizes how bad it was. What happened to us is an embarrassment to Canada.

They could have taken in millions

Robert Klusman, a Polish Jew, spent most of the war in concentration camps. Only 14 in 1945, he lived in France before immigrating to Canada in 1950. He worked as a chemist in Saskatoon and raised two children there. Now 84, he lives in Vancouver with his wife, Gloria.

Early in the war my father, my brother and I were moved from the Jewish ghetto to the camp at Sieradz near Warsaw. I worked 18-hour shifts in a munitions factory and I was delighted, because kids who couldn't work and old people went to the gas chambers first. When we went into the showers, I remember waiting for the water to be turned on and wondering if this time we might be gassed.

My brother Abraham was the first to see his family to get typhoid. The first



Robert Klusman (right) first

day he was back at work he got (pulled) out by the guards. A truck pulled up and they put all these men in, including my brother. The truck moved into the woods and we heard machine-gun fire. About 15 minutes later the truck came back empty.

Most of us would have come to Canada, but it was very difficult. You had to be extremely healthy—if you wore glasses, you couldn't get a visa. That I got it, and as we took the train out west, I saw open spaces and farms and beauty for days and days. I thought, "My God, they could have taken in millions."

Canada is a more just society today, by far. But I am concerned about the rise of white supremacy groups. They're coming in the late '90s. It's important to have freedom of speech, but there's got to be some limit of tolerance.



Just days before the acceptance of France in 1940 Fritz Taylor fled his native Belgium for England. While his mother was held in a German concentration camp, Taylor and her sister Patricia spent up with the Free French forces in 1942. Taylor went on 22 covert missions behind enemy lines. After the war, he immigrated to Canada. Now 76, he lives at the Polish Veterans Home in Ottawa.

My shoes were around my neck—because you can't jump in heels

One day we were told to pack all of our belongings—we were going to go to England the next day. My mother walked behind with my Grandpa, so my sister and I and my two brothers were to go. We had our father's address—he was working for the British foreign ministry. The next day, my mother gave me 2,000 francs. I said, "Bye, bye, mother. See you there in three months." I took her word.

In England, Patricia and I went to join the Free French forces. There was a corporal there, and I told her we wanted to join. She asked me if we went out



Fritz Taylor—sold them (right) in pajamas (middle) and in camouflage

with men or women. I told her we went out with men. She said, "Then you won't like it here." The commanding officer was a lesbian and most of the girls were lesbians. Well, we passed anyway.

We were to work for the French Underground. I was the first one to go. I would stay three months in Paris. I jumped out of an airplane in Orives, with my shoes around my neck because you can't jump in heels.

My mother was a concentration camp survivor by the Gestapo. So I said the first Gestapo caught I met. I had not met her right before and I shot her right in the street. He was surprised to see me and BANIT! shot her.

After I came back, I spent a week with my sister and then she went for three months. Then she came back, and after a week I would go for three months. It was our job to go and get money, papers, information—and try to help people escape.

In December, 1944, there was a meeting at 14 rue London with Dwight D. Eisenhower, Charles de Gaulle and Winston Churchill. I was the interpreter. De Gaulle was very nice with me. Eisenhower was the nicest because, later, in France, he got me my cigarettes every day.

After the war, I chose Canada because my father had been here and he had been in the Canadian Light Infantry during the First World War. And he said I loved Canada when I first came. And it is still a wonderful country.



So, you've got that OK, off you go!

Ken Fungler arrived with the RAF from 1939 until 1944. After the war, he worked as a commercial pilot for 40 years. Based for most of his career in his home town of Winnipeg, Ken 74, Fungler, who has three grown children, moved 14 years ago and lives in Langley, B.C., with his wife, Elizabeth.

To be honest, I didn't go over to fight anybody. I was only 18. I went over to learn to fly.

We did our own training as open flyboys. They were incredibly positive over us. You were a flying suit, a helmet and goggles. They were two-seaters and the instructor, who was in the seat behind, would tell you what to do. You would go to do through specific takes. One training progressed to the Gladiator, a two-seater, low-flying plane. The training consisted of an instructor getting in behind you, telling you where the controls were and saying, "So, you've got that? OK, off you go!"

Once the war started, our role was to go up and down the coasts of England and Scotland observing for enemy activity. Then, I was sent to a different squadron to train as a Spitfire. I was part of the daylight bombing command and, every now and then, they would drop one of the squadrons into England to help. Then, our role was to intercept enemy bombers across from Italy on the way to feed the German army in North Africa. You would fly as low as you could until you were almost on top of a ship. Then, you would fly right over the top of it, dropping your bombs and then you were over the target. They were delayed action bombs. You had nine seconds to drop them before they'd be off the shelf.

One day, I was attacked by an Italian fighter in

Prophet harbor. I couldn't even see him, but my trainer saw what I was doing. He was telling me what to do: when to turn. "Turn right, turn left, tighter, tighter." The fighter never hit us. My gunner did very well. Or the other guy was a radio shot. I'll never know just which it was. He finally ran out of ammunition, so we were able to turn for home. That's when I got the bad news about the others—four of the seven planes in our squadron were shot down. We'd hoped to meet in the desert and laugh about it afterwards. Well, there wasn't much laughing at times.

I was over early but others came later, stayed longer and did more fighting. I don't think the war changed me very much. I was a little more ex-

Fungler today and in cockpit close encounters



posed, and having been exposed to some danger, but damn lucky to be alive. And I met my wife, Elizabeth—who's called Betty—my first Christmas in England.

There was justification for the Second World War. It was a conflict. Imagine what the world would have been like if the Germans had won. Vietnam changed many people's attitudes to war. It was a nasty war, but rather vicious, and they did return things. There was nothing glorious about that war, except that I know people did very brave things—they did their duty.

I was a G.I. G.I. and we were part of a special salvage day. We collected cardboard and newspaper from our wagons and then dropped them off at our central space. Like recycling now, they needed the paper. We used to meet along with our leaders in the wagons. There was a special incentive at the Empire Theatre and the Casino. If you had your own tin of tin droppings and a tin put, you got in there. We used to watch Our Gang comedies and Judy Blundy movies.

On Wednesdays, we were in school and it was around 10 a.m. when we got the news. We were shocked and we crowd of out the train car to go home. I remember the driver looking over at the young boys and saying, "You're lucky you won't have to serve."

FROM FAR AND WIDE

In July, 1948, Maxwell and Patricia Dreyer and their six children left their home in the Dutch village of Nieuwen for a fresh start in Georgia, U.S. When the family—the Dreyers' first name comes from the way—stepped off the train, the mayor, a crowd of well-wishers and a brass band turned out to greet them. And while free of the 125,414 immigrants who arrived that year received such special attention, it was clear that Canada's refugee doors had been tightly closed to immigrants during the Depression and the war years—was starting to open.

Between 1945 and 1967, more than a million immigrants came to Canada seeking political and



Nowhere else (often barriers)

financial security. The first ships brought refugees and displaced persons from Europe, the British, as usual, outnumbered all other groups. But that gradually changed as new policies removed some barriers in Chinese and other previously "non-preferred" groups.

Canada's last great immigration boom, at the beginning of the 1990s, drew large numbers of refugees to the north coast. But the post-war arrivals included many urban professionals, who filled a labor shortage in the cities and, along with immigrant farmers and tradespeople, helped produce the prosperity of the 1950s. In later years, these diverse refugees, artists and craftspeople transformed Canada into one of the world's most multicultural nations.

SHARON DREYER-STRONG

My Father, The Liberator

BY ALLEN ABEL

Fifty years ago this spring, my father liberated Europe. It didn't take him long. He went over on a troop ship in the fall of 1944—sailed as a dog all the way—and in May of '45, the Nazis quit. Later that summer, he was in California, about to be reassigned to the Pacific war, but when the Japanese heard that his Ben Abel was in his way westward, they considered him too.

I don't have many of the details of how my father beat the Germans. I know that he was an informant, or a saboteur, or such like, called the Timber Wolves, and that it was a "household" unit sent knowingly forward through France and Belgium and into the Reich itself. And I know that my father and his comrades were ordered to rifle on the outskirts of Berlin as they rolled towards the Rhinefront, but they camouflageed their selves so well by holding bouquets and branches that only about half of them were picked off by snipers.

My father was, and is, a small target. When he and the other Timber Wolves were fighting house to house, someone had to lead, and one of them friends would have his hand taken off or his body shredded by enemy fire, my father would leap very low, and he believes that's why he remained to be wounded only once, by shrapnel, near his eye. It wasn't a very deep gunshot, so they sent him back to the front.

We haven't talked about the war that much, my father and I, not exactly as much as we've talked about hockey or baseball. He's not shy about it—not as two-tens with my wife's father, who refused to talk about the war at all—but my girlfriends are astonished I never was a soldier. But my father was.

I have a friend named David whose father was in the RAF. He first boarded ships over Germany. But he died when David was 17, and David says, "At 17, boys aren't really into asking their dad about wars."

A few years after his father died, David met a Dutch. The uncle told him that David's father had been permanently saved by the war. The uncle said, "Something happened to him over there. He was something, or he did something. He was never the same after the war." But David's father is dead now, and the son cannot ask his uncle what the "something" was.

David's wife's father was in the war, too. But he lost most of his hearing from his life in the Japanese, and now that he's past 80 and well not near a hearing aid, David's wife can't get the tone of day out of him, let alone war stories.

My mother's second husband, Franklin, was in the navy, but the only thing he ever told me about his military career was that he

got to see a friend or two against the great Rocky Mountains in some newsreels' exhibition. Or maybe it was Rocky Graziano. Freddie died nine years ago, so I'll never know for certain.

It is a precious thing, to be the son of a liberator, and a moral enterprise, to poke at insolent sounds. Take my friend Elliot. He knows that his father was highly decorated for moral service, but he doesn't know when the medals are today or how his father earned them. This cuts at him.

Elliot says "He was in every major battle in the Pacific. He was blown off a destroyer. The five other guys at his gunnery position were killed. He spent two days in the water before they picked him up. He's losing me, nothing else. He told me nothing about the war. He's one of the most boring things of my life, not knowing."

Later, Elliot's father has begun to tell Elliot's daughter about the war. But he won't tell his own son.

My wife's father wouldn't tell either. Sgt. Jim Drey left the family home north of Kingston, Ont., to serve long and country where the war broke out, and he didn't come home for two years. My wife's mother waited in every line before he left for England, but he refused, because he didn't want her to be so young a widow. So she waited for him all day long. He came home with a black and white photo of Sgt. Drey in an army uniform, as Canadian soldiers are searched on the border of a big army truck, my wife's father at the rear of the pack, unsmiling and shouting a curse. He's dead now. Where he drove these trucks, across what hostile

lands, carrying what cargo, he never would say. Never.

It's not easy to convince of one's own father as a warrior, though he was one. 30 years ago this spring, he's still in active combat, it's working part-time as a creditor in a pharmacy, and peddling his bicycle around and around his tiny Century Village in Florida. He used to go to veterans' clubs, but not any more. Yet when we were together in Boston last year for a holiday, he suddenly recollected the name of one of his pack of Timber Wolves who hailed from Massachusetts, and he found the name in the phone book and called him time and time again. There was no answer.

Soon, there is going to be a lot of noise about the 50th anniversary of V-Day. I wanted my father to know that I was thinking about it, and him I called him recently and we talked for a moment about what to me will always be Ben Abel's war.

"From your own called the Timber Wolves?" I asked.

"That was me," he replied. "Night fighters. That was our operation." "Did you really fight at night?"

"Yes," my father said, very softly. "And in the daytime, too."

'We haven't talked about the war that much, not as much as we've talked about hockey'



Osteoporosis is Treatable and Preventable



osteoporosis is a debilitating and sometimes fatal disorder of fragile bones that affects 1.4 million Canadians over the age of 50—the majority are women. The problem is expected to grow dramatically as people continue to live longer. When bones become severely weakened by osteoporosis, simple movements like lifting a heavy bag of groceries, can lead to fractures. There is good news in this gloomy picture. Osteoporosis may be prevented and it is treatable.

Are you among the 2 million Canadians at risk?

"Yes" answers indicate increased risk of osteoporosis.

1. Female?
2. Caucasian or Asian?
3. Slender, with small bones?
4. Low-calcium diet?
5. Lower estrogen levels because of menopause?
6. Inactive physically?
7. Family history of osteoporosis?

Living with osteoporosis

If you have been diagnosed with osteoporosis, you can still take steps to keep the disease from progressing further. Follow the strict procedures we want for preventing the disease—the right diet, regular activity, and know your physician's advice. Find ways to minimize hazards in your home and be careful about lifting objects. Keep up-to-date on the latest treatment options.



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The Osteoporosis Society of Canada is here to help. Call 1-800-463-9316 for more information.



PREVENTION: the role of a proper diet

A well-balanced diet that includes a good supply of calcium is very important for building better bones.

If your diet is short on calcium, your body "steals" what it needs from your bones, weakening them and putting you at risk of developing osteoporosis. Dairy products like milk, cheese and yogurt, as well as sardines and canned salmon with bones are the most convenient and plentiful sources of calcium. Some green, leafy vegetables like broccoli and kale also provide calcium.



In 1 cup glass of milk contains about 280 mg of calcium, an ounce of sardines contains about 280 mg.

Calcium supplements. Do you need them?

If you can't get enough calcium (1,000 - 1,500 mg range) in your daily diet, you may need a calcium supplement. It should be used as a complement to a healthy diet, not as a substitute for one. Consult your doctor or pharmacist to find out if calcium supplements are right for you.

Exercising for stronger bones

Small changes in your lifestyle, like taking a brisk daily walk can make a difference. Regular physical activity is important in preventing bone loss. The best exercises are "weight-bearing" ones—those that put stress on the bones. Walking, tennis, dancing, stair climbing and low-impact aerobics are good for the spine and legs. Remember that the type of exercise you choose should be dictated by your current health status.





Fennell charmed by a family's hospitality and their love of a good laugh

A Belfast welcome

THE LAST HOUSE OF ULSTER

By Charles Fennell
(Chicago: Collins, 2009; pages, \$15)

During 15 years of frequent visits to the McNally family of Belfast, Charles Fennell drank more tea than he ever would have thought possible. Fastened on him by his unrelenting hospitality as a cocktail, an observer, as the ritual that would unite them once again around the table—the “one drop of tea” in the most predictable cheer in *The Last House of Ulster*. Part memoir, part travelogue, the book is a warm portrait of a Roman Catholic family in Northern Ireland that avoids the stereotypes normally associated with that patch of the world. Though the latest episode of the troubles—the Belfast sectarian conflict that has plagued Ireland for centuries—forms the backdrop of his book, Fennell’s focus is on one family’s remarkable will to preserve a normal life in the face of horrendous violence. During a 1982 visit—his time with his wife and child in law—the author had a taste of the conflicting attitudes that the McNallys possess. James and Susan, who lived with for decades. Setting out the Belfast area Dublin, Fennell again visited that five retail-car company buy a story and to protect his 15-year-old daughter, Anna. “They did,” he writes, “and I proceeded to drive my daughter into a military police zone patrolled by 38,000 heavily armed security forces.”

That highly personal tale and other series of more subtle motifs of Fennell’s book. The 34-year-old married himself and his wife in a small town of Lurgan and married in 1980. On that, Fennell’s first novel, *Kitchen Music*, was published in September. In *The Last House*, he weaves together intimate details of the McNally family with facts of Irish history that directly resonate in contemporary Northern Ireland. And he compares that interplay of the personal and political with

his own 1960s upbringing in suburban Toronto.

Fennell first met the Ulster family in 1979 when he was traveling in Ireland with a Canadian cousin of the McNally children James and Martina, both 15-year-olds and married, in the middle-class parents of five children, then aged 27 to 35. Fennell was charmed by their hospitality, their solidarity toward each other after the loss of “good friends”—a term that covers everything from women to painted but fancy murals. James, then 34, owned a pub and wrote a music column for the local press. Martina, then 33, worked part-time in a shop. Their siblings were attending high school and university. Later, Fennell learned that James had once had his business destroyed once, during a 1960 riot, and again in 1972 three days after his eldest son, Martin, then 15, was sentenced to three years in prison after he was caught attempting to join the IRA.

Inevitably, it was Martina—who became an engineering student after his release—who introduced Fennell firsthand to the tensions on the McNally doorstep. He gave the writer a tour of the city’s trouble spots between the Catholic majority and Protestant majority—also different sides of the same street marked a danger zone for each group. The sectarianism and transparency of the borders around Fennell the writer’s father and son and sister. And their houses, shops and streets were divided except for the grills that separated them. “The back points and front bars,” Fennell writes. “The walls and borders they were all there, leaving but a small, defining but indecomposable like family secrets.”

Martina’s short-lived involvement with the IRA still causes his family anguish now. The other McNallys reproduce the paralytic opposition to the IRA’s methods—even though they understood the historic justifications that led to it. Since 1980, the family has lived the impact of Protestant Northern Ireland. The children grew up as a war zone in 1979 Fennell’s actual residence 30 back streets in a day. Daughter Bernice was in the same classroom when a bomb killed three people at her school religion polytechnic. Scott’s friends were blown up in a pub. As a nurse, Fennell has seen the mangled bodies of Catholic and Protestant victims alike.

Martina’s most fervent hope was that none of her children would repeat in Belfast. Inevitably, all five did leave, two in the Republic of Ireland, three in abroad. “She misses her children and grandchildren terribly,” Fennell writes of Martina during a mid-1984 visit, shortly before the IRA executed a six-month ceasefire. The whole “the family was my friend to come home soon.”

Despite the horrors the family has witnessed, what emerges from Fennell’s portrait is essentially the triumph of the domestic realm. He recalls the household’s shattering day by the horrors, the taste of grilled potato bread, his own delight in giving Martina a bouquet every time he visits and leaving her say, “Lovely birthday.”

The author is clearly enamored of Ireland, both North and South. He marvels at its beauty and evokes an deep sense of the past. But he also renders the bloody-edged nature of that modernism. The past in Ireland was used in fact, entangled in interpretation. “It associated through the way a country in a city did, because of both and doubt, because of altered light, altered weather, because what over your personal view, you still had to acquire with it—go over, go around, and go at all.” Perceptive and eloquent, Fennell offers the right balance between dispassionate observation and emotional engagement. *The Last House of Ulster* is a memorable work about a remarkable place.

DAVID TURBIDE

“What’s it like to cook over 8,580 eggs?”



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*An approximate total based on an average of 5 eggs a week per person over the past 14 years for the Malloy family.

1. Large Egg Protein: 6g, 12g, 18g, 24g, 30g, 36g, 42g, 48g, 54g, 60g, 66g, 72g, 78g, 84g, 90g, 96g, 102g, 108g, 114g, 120g, 126g, 132g, 138g, 144g, 150g, 156g, 162g, 168g, 174g, 180g, 186g, 192g, 198g, 204g, 210g, 216g, 222g, 228g, 234g, 240g, 246g, 252g, 258g, 264g, 270g, 276g, 282g, 288g, 294g, 300g, 306g, 312g, 318g, 324g, 330g, 336g, 342g, 348g, 354g, 360g, 366g, 372g, 378g, 384g, 390g, 396g, 402g, 408g, 414g, 420g, 426g, 432g, 438g, 444g, 450g, 456g, 462g, 468g, 474g, 480g, 486g, 492g, 498g, 504g, 510g, 516g, 522g, 528g, 534g, 540g, 546g, 552g, 558g, 564g, 570g, 576g, 582g, 588g, 594g, 600g, 606g, 612g, 618g, 624g, 630g, 636g, 642g, 648g, 654g, 660g, 666g, 672g, 678g, 684g, 690g, 696g, 702g, 708g, 714g, 720g, 726g, 732g, 738g, 744g, 750g, 756g, 762g, 768g, 774g, 780g, 786g, 792g, 798g, 804g, 810g, 816g, 822g, 828g, 834g, 840g, 846g, 852g, 858g, 864g, 870g, 876g, 882g, 888g, 894g, 900g, 906g, 912g, 918g, 924g, 930g, 936g, 942g, 948g, 954g, 960g, 966g, 972g, 978g, 984g, 990g, 996g, 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1860g, 1866g, 1872g, 1878g, 1884g, 1890g, 1896g, 1902g, 1908g, 1914g, 1920g, 1926g, 1932g, 1938g, 1944g, 1950g, 1956g, 1962g, 1968g, 1974g, 1980g, 1986g, 1992g, 1998g, 2004g, 2010g, 2016g, 2022g, 2028g, 2034g, 2040g, 2046g, 2052g, 2058g, 2064g, 2070g, 2076g, 2082g, 2088g, 2094g, 2100g, 2106g, 2112g, 2118g, 2124g, 2130g, 2136g, 2142g, 2148g, 2154g, 2160g, 2166g, 2172g, 2178g, 2184g, 2190g, 2196g, 2202g, 2208g, 2214g, 2220g, 2226g, 2232g, 2238g, 2244g, 2250g, 2256g, 2262g, 2268g, 2274g, 2280g, 2286g, 2292g, 2298g, 2304g, 2310g, 2316g, 2322g, 2328g, 2334g, 2340g, 2346g, 2352g, 2358g, 2364g, 2370g, 2376g, 2382g, 2388g, 2394g, 2400g, 2406g, 2412g, 2418g, 2424g, 2430g, 2436g, 2442g, 2448g, 2454g, 2460g, 2466g, 2472g, 2478g, 2484g, 2490g, 2496g, 2502g, 2508g, 2514g, 2520g, 2526g, 2532g, 2538g, 2544g, 2550g, 2556g, 2562g, 2568g, 2574g, 2580g, 2586g, 2592g, 2598g, 2604g, 2610g, 2616g, 2622g, 2628g, 2634g, 2640g, 2646g, 2652g, 2658g, 2664g, 2670g, 2676g, 2682g, 2688g, 2694g, 2700g, 2706g, 2712g, 2718g, 2724g, 2730g, 2736g, 2742g, 2748g, 2754g, 2760g, 2766g, 2772g, 2778g, 2784g, 2790g, 2796g, 2802g, 2808g, 2814g, 2820g, 2826g, 2832g, 2838g, 2844g, 2850g, 2856g, 2862g, 2868g, 2874g, 2880g, 2886g, 2892g, 2898g, 2904g, 2910g, 2916g, 2922g, 2928g, 2934g, 2940g, 2946g, 2952g, 2958g, 2964g, 2970g, 2976g, 2982g, 2988g, 2994g, 3000g, 3006g, 3012g, 3018g, 3024g, 3030g, 3036g, 3042g, 3048g, 3054g, 3060g, 3066g, 3072g, 3078g, 3084g, 3090g, 3096g, 3102g, 3108g, 3114g, 3120g, 3126g, 3132g, 3138g, 3144g, 3150g, 3156g, 3162g, 3168g, 3174g, 3180g, 3186g, 3192g, 3198g, 3204g, 3210g, 3216g, 3222g, 3228g, 3234g, 3240g, 3246g, 3252g, 3258g, 3264g, 3270g, 3276g, 3282g, 3288g, 3294g, 3300g, 3306g, 3312g, 3318g, 3324g, 3330g, 3336g, 3342g, 3348g, 3354g, 3360g, 3366g, 3372g, 3378g, 3384g, 3390g, 3396g, 3402g, 3408g, 3414g, 3420g, 3426g, 3432g, 3438g, 3444g, 3450g, 3456g, 3462g, 3468g, 3474g, 3480g, 3486g, 3492g, 3498g, 3504g, 3510g, 3516g, 3522g, 3528g, 3534g, 3540g, 3546g, 3552g, 3558g, 3564g, 3570g, 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7866g, 7872g, 7878g, 7884g, 7890g, 7896g, 7902g, 7908g, 7914g, 7920g, 7926g, 7932g, 7938g, 7944g, 7950g, 7956g, 7962g, 7968g, 7974g, 7980g, 7986g, 7992g, 7998g, 8004g, 8010g, 8016g, 8022g, 8028g, 8034g, 8040g, 8046g, 8052g, 8058g, 8064g, 8070g, 8076g, 8082g, 8088g, 8094g, 8100g, 8106g, 8112g, 8118g, 8124g, 8130g, 8136g, 8142g, 8148g, 8154g, 8160g, 8166g, 8172g, 8178g, 8184g, 8190g, 8196g, 8202g, 8208g, 8214g, 8220g, 8226g, 8232g, 8238g, 8244g, 8250g, 8256g, 8262g, 8268g, 8274g, 8280g, 8286g, 8292g, 8298g, 8304g, 8310g, 8316g, 8322g, 8328g, 8334g, 8340g, 8346g, 8352g, 8358g, 8364g, 8370g, 8376g, 8382g, 8388g, 8394g, 8400g, 8406g, 8412g, 8418g, 8424g, 8430g, 8436g, 8442g, 8448g, 8454g, 8460g, 8466g, 8472g, 8478g, 8484g, 8490g, 8496g, 8502g, 8508g, 8514g, 8520g, 8526g, 8532g, 8538g, 8544g, 8550g, 8556g, 8562g, 8568g, 8574g, 8580g, 8586g, 8592g, 8598g, 8604g, 8610g, 8616g, 8622g, 8628g,

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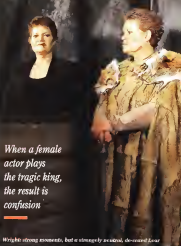
Emasculated Lear loses its potency

By William Shakespeare
Directed by Richard Ross

Rose has recreated the tragedy in what looks like the box for a Punch and Judy show. The actors move about like puppets behind a waist-high barrier, their legs hidden. The two-dimensional effect of designer Gracine S. Thomas's set is intensified by several window-like frames that are lowered onto the stage. The actors sometimes peer through them, giving the effect of a Shogakukan portrait gallery.

It is no different in *Four*: the story of a father (Jesse Wright) who teaches the one daughter who truly loves him, while dividing his attention between the two who do not. The primary plot is about male rage and female response—and to make the rule a female throner an inseparable contradiction in the audience's face. Despite Wright's craggy hair, craggy face and off a impressive delivery, she remains not so much a woman in a man's role as a strongly neutered, do-somed thing who wears the masculine pronoun like an ill-fitting wig.

Perhaps the biggest problem is voice. Wright and the other male-employing women in the cast lack the vocal resonance for a certain kind of male authority. Wright recognizes this, and wisely refuses to take up-bellows; but her quavering as the title character's in-grocer. Similarly, Diana Belshaw as Lou's faithful servant, Nert, and Carole Galloway as the Duke of Albany founder in the discrepancy between their obvious femininity and their attempts to sound bawdy and



When a female actor plays the tragic king, the result is confusion

Wright: strong moments, but a strangely neutral, de-moralized *Leaves*

rougher than they are. Only Maggie Hucab's hypocrite Edmund comes close to the mark. Perhaps this is because the villainous Edmund is a cold, animal figure (he can use sea urchins as a weapon) but is essentially frightful and therefore more accessible to Hucab's difficult, subconscious approach.

As for David Jaeger, the one role in a female role (Gostert), he, too, falls into the no man's land between his appearance and his role's reality. But it would be wrong to suggest that all of the problems with *The Last Storm* from its animal casting. Nothing separates the ordinary actor from the exceptional one as quickly than Shakespeare, and several of the cast members surely did to speak their lines credibly. The production has a disappointing solemnity as well perhaps because of the lack of adequate intervalorial (Indian), never quite catch up the leveled urgency of a world further to its rise.

Yet this *Letter* is his successor, too. Richard McMillan's knowledge of film is what attracts, especially in his first appearance, where he hangs on Lear's every glance and breath, as if he'd lost his marionette strings. And John Gilbert makes a convincing noble Gloucester, using his rich voice to lend the old man some of the enormous ambiguity so unfortunately missing elsewhere. Even so, Gilbert achieves his most moving scene in silence, when he grasps the dead Lear's face and, head bowed, contemplates the great man's raw, white, hair torn by his desperate moments. Her delivery of the famous line, "Never, never more; never more," over the body of Lear's daughter Cordelia (Myrna Loy), shows how easy a task and production like this one can still send our shadow fathers to an author's rescue.

SCOTT WEMPELSON

FILMS

Family ties, family lies

Parents and children harbor secrets

DOLORES CLABORNE
Directed by Taylor Hackford

Sarahma King has served Kathy Bates well. With *Misery*, the 1990 movie based on King's novel, Bates won an Oscar for her portrayal of a psychotic fan who kidnaps and tortures a romance writer. At first glance, the title character of *Dolores Claiborne*, another King adaptation, seems cut from the same obsessive cloth. As Claiborne, Bates plays a hardboiled housekeeper who was recruited to murder her husband 20 years ago and now stands accused of murdering her employer, an infirm widow named Vera Quilty Thelma. The movie's opening scene shows a struggle at the top of the stairs: the widow tumbles to her death, Dolores looting over her, ready to finish her off with a marble rolling pin.

Without giving anything away, it can be said that Dolores soon turns out to be far more sane and sympathetic than the she-devil in *Misery*. She is, in fact, a kind of rough-hewn heroine, a feminist by default. Within the cold culture of her character—a hellfire with a heart at

gold—Bates creates shades of mystery. She is always compelling the movie, however, in an attempt to come to terms with the woman's gothic thriller with the cerebral psychology of a domestic-abuse drama.

Set in a remote coastal community in Maine, *Dolores Claiborne* was filmed mostly around the rugged shores of Lunenburg, N.S. Director Taylor Hackford (his *Officer and a Gentleman*) reconstructs the split-level narrative between two time frames: the credit present, shot at the bleak shores of an Atlantic winter, and the same-day past, a vision of an arid cold and ominous clouds. Through Dolores's flashbacks to the summer of 1970, the mystery is gradually unraveled, clashing with the hyper-drama of her husband's violent death—which takes place during a still solar eclipse.

Meanwhile, the new thriller case attracts two characters from Dolores's past: A police detective named Mackay (Christopher Plummer),

who failed to make the first murder charge stick, is determined to nab her the second time around. And Dolores's estranged daughter, Belton—a star journalist at *Seaside magazine*—comes home to visit her mother for the first time in 15 years. A pill-popping workaholic, played with labile intensity by Jennifer Jason Leigh. Screen is just trying to arrange her mother's defense before dumping off to the next big story. But as the process, she confronts a closet full of traumatic memories from her past.

The value of the piece is Dolores's husband, an abusive drunk portrayed by David Strathairn. After playing two husband wives—delirious in *Misery* Strathairn is lost in *Seaside*. The River Hold and in Jason Lange in the current *Living in Sin*—here the actor seems determined to show his human image sky high. But his strained conscience is not put to rest. Plummer's wretched detective is equally flat. And as Seaside's wailing victim in *Seaside*, Vera Quilty is named in a subplot that goes nowhere.

All the rules in fact are no more than types, plot devices in a movie about tough cases who seem to be competing for the legacy of Joan Crawford. As for the plot, although it flirts in a long courtroom drama at the end, it has some great scenes and a strong narrative. The script's milieu—"Seaside" being a town with a woman has to hold on to—no more than three people points in the story, by three different women. The salty Dolores, the embittered Seaside, and the enigmatic Vera are all unapologetic brutes. Dolores Claiborne strikes the case, perhaps too ardently for its own good, that hides are ugly, not better—and that behind every abusive woman is an abusive man.

THE SUM OF US

Directed by Kevin Connolly and Geoff Barker

A link, a mainstream movie with a gay protagonist that is not a tragic tale about discrimination or AIDS, instead, it offers an amusing reversal of the social norms in this Australian film, a young homosexual is unapologetic by an exclusively lesbian father. Adapted by Australian writer David Stevens from his own off-Broadway play, *The Sex of My Sister*, Richard Cowie and Jack Thompson as Jeff and his widowed father, Harry, who share a house in Sydney. Jeff is looking for Mr. Right, but when he brings a promising candidate home for a sleepover—a handsome gardener named Greg (John Polson)—Harry is so solicitous towards them that Greg gets up and leaves later, Harry begins a cautious romance with a woman he meets through a computer dating service. That it takes a long while he cannot help himself to tell her that his son is gay.

The movie's direction is too slow at times, with characters delivering rote lines to the camera that with their affectless repetition. Cowie and Thompson make an engaging odd couple. And so the story's dramatic premise plays away to its unexpected twist. The film of 10 years out to be more than the sum of its parts.

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A land of assassins and glorious sunsets

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

A sun seeking rest for his soul is supposed to find it in San Miguel de Allende. Renowned as the prettiest town in Mexico, it sits at an altitude of 6,200 feet high in the hills three hours north of Mexico City. The sun is like breathing perfume.

It's been around since 1542. It was declared a national monument in 1936. There is no sun, no traffic lights, nothing but cobblestones and flowers that won't quit. Days here all night, seasons take over all day and the church bells never stop.

But Mexico is in turmoil. The peso is collapsing like a wounded balloon. Politicians, cardinals and police chiefs are assassinated. The brother of the ex-president is arrested in one of the gardens. The ex-president, a millionaire as all Mexican presidents evolve to be, goes on a costly hunger strike and dies. Seen the country in a pentecost jet, into the safe areas of the United States which insured contingent Canada that Mexico would be a reliable NAFTA partner.

Build There is a shrine in the village. In San Miguel comes the missionary Billy Graham to be loved. "Dr. Billy Graham" will not dress the faithful of San Miguel, no doubt with magic potpourri and more pentecost-animator that will calm the restless.

Came to the Plaza de las Armas at 8:00 p.m. This seems to be the evening when Mexico is 99.99 percent Catholic. Can Billy's gift of tongues overcome this odd dissonance? Always believing in miracles, the reporter whose soul needs rest eagerly stands up.

It is a nondescript square in the old center, flanked by small shops selling the usual Mexican goods. There are 60 red and yellow plastic chairs arranged in two rows. Clearly, this night the rest of Mexico has decided to stay home and watch the U.S. telecasts.

At 9:00 a.m. is a 21-year-old girl. Not even counting the completely dark, was she about, looking for a sign. The church, however, are wonderful, as they always are



in a San Miguel sunset. The sun goes down behind the mountains at 8:45 every evening. You can see your watch by it.

There are four microphones at the altar. A short, fat chap in a shiny white T-shirt is singing with that, red electric guitar. The P.A. system doesn't work, as it always doesn't work at every public meeting ever held. A chap in a floppy white hat follows with the dogs and the singing children screen.

Two young women who can't sing take to the altar and sing. The sky is dark with streaky clouds that only Billy's God could create. At 7:14, there appears an angel on a large white cloth that is draped on an apartment building at the end of the plaza.

A young blond man who looks like a Los Angeles water skier from the 1960s, is out there, waving. Billy's God will not be wrong as tonight. It seems this is a video display of a concert he gave in Puerto

Rico a week or so ago. The 89.6 per cent of Mexico that is Catholic would be amazed. Billy, we are told, is now 76. Then as usual to be his last message. And if you believe that, you believe that Frank Sinatra is on his last farewell tour? Billy is said to have Parkinson's disease. He has thick eyebrows. It is clear he does not die, his last is a just preliminary message. On commutation, the fellow in the floppy white hat is from Perry Sound, Charlie Fargherman would enjoy this.

One has always wondered about a grown man who would go through life called "Billy." It is not reason why Jimmy Carter listed only one term in the White House. Presumably shouldn't be called "Jimmy." A knight's life of Billy's life would be him on the golf course with a president. Mexico, today, if we may use the term, he managed to believe. Republican and Democrat presidents alike and always showed up as the golf course with them. This may include a very big error. Others might think it is a photo opportunity.

Does God play golf? The only sport where middle-aged, middle-class men get to drive up like grand Dr. Billy, in his desire to save the money, put on his pink socks and white shoes as to guide Richard Nixon to the right path.

Sitting watching the dogs and the singing children and the agitated occupied plastic chairs, an observer can't help but wonder if Billy ever played golf with Carlos Salinas de Gortari, the wealthy graduate of Harvard who slipped out of his country in the jet.

The odds would say yes. Powerful preachers stick with powerful politicians. Billy was at Nixon's funeral. Why can't he help himself here in office, as the official

golfers-president is supposed to do. Billy told us how, as a child in North Carolin, he, behind in a dog. A baseball used to convey his anxiety, but the new dog didn't seem to get it. The sky turned dark, and the beer sales stayed open. Mexico is a beautiful country and a tragic country. Thanks to Salinas, the country now has more billionaires than any nation save the United States, Japan and Germany. We are not sure if this is what Graham had in mind when Jesus Christ so willingly signed the NAFTA pact he vowed to tear up.

We are not sure if television screens emanating from a club screen on the side of an apartment block in the prettiest town in Mexico will save the peso. What the country needs is more security from within, perhaps even some integrity from those at the top. Don't count on it. You will find all these guys on the golf course.



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